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The Pacific.

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AN UNIQUE EXCURSION.

OUR NORTHERN NEIGHBORS.

DEAR PACIFIC: Your Olympia correspondent has been away from home some weeks, enjoying a cruise for health and pleasure in our Northern Pacific waters, among the British islands, and along the British Coast—an excursion unique in its arrangements; and, as it was the initial trip of a series, to be carried out next summer on a grand new steamer, now being built in England for the purpose, I propose to give you a brief account, that your readers may know in season to avail themselves of the opportunity when it comes. It was a trip to Alaska, yet did not pass its southern boundary.

The exact location of this boundary is an interesting question, yet. The map issued by one steamship company makes the line in a long inlet called Portland Channel, or Canal, while another map draws the line about 30 miles farther north. Some of our British passengers were disposed to be contentious on the subject, and thought our Government was grasping; that after they had given us Oregon we ought to be satisfied. However, the two nations are now so interlinked by their rail and steamer tracks, so mutually dependent on the good-will of each other, that there is not much danger of a war about such a trifle.

Of course we were on a British steamer, by name the *Princess Louise*, though she was built in New York, for the Puget Sound trade, and named the *Olympia*, and our passengers were nearly all British subjects. This gave us the privilege of visiting the island homes of her Indians, her mission stations, her trading posts, canneries, and other points of interest, which are not included in our usual trips to Alaska.

Starting from Victoria, our course was through the Gulf of Georgia, along the coast of Vancouver's Island, by way of Nanaimo and Departure Bay, which is a coal station, to the most northern point; thence among the islands, to the right, near the mainland, touching at Port Rupert and Alert Bay, both Hudson Bay posts, where we sent our last letters ashore for the deer ones left at home. Arrived at Milbank Sound, we take a northwest course across the broad body of water called Hecate strait to reach the center of the large group called Queen Charlotte Islands. Here first we anchor at Skidegate on Graham's Island, which has a flourishing mission under the Methodist charge, stations at three points, with their churches, and neat villages, also canneries for salmon, and a factory for dog-fish oil; the next day, at Massett, on the northern part of the island, where was an Episcopal mission, large and handsome church, cushioned throughout, and a very respectable looking village. These two settlements represent the Makah Indians, who are the natives of this group, and are superior to the Indians of the main land in several particulars. They are fairer in complexion, their features more regular, and they carry an expression of general intelligence. Then they are famed for their carvings in wood, horn, slate and silver. They work silver dollars into bracelets, brooches, napkin rings, spoons, etc., carved or chased in most original designs. Their stone dishes, pipes and platters are quite original in design and grotesque in ornament, though sometimes they imitate nature and are lovely. Their totem poles are a prominent feature in every village, placed before their principal houses, or by the side of graves. They are tall shafts—obelisks we might call them—made from trees 2 to 3 feet in diameter, carved with every hideous device of animal caricatures, firmly planted, and generally finished with an eagle or a small bear on the crown. On this island we saw a peculiar method of burial. A large tree is sawed off at a suitable height, and then hollowed out from the top, so as to admit the body of a man, upright, after which it is boarded over, and in several instances plants were growing on the top. These were the burial places of their chiefs, but now, in their civilization, chiefs are abolished, and they have burial grounds and graves like most civilized nations.

This locality reminded an American passenger of an incident that occurred here in the winter of '51 and '52, which I think worth recording, as a matter of history. An American vessel was wrecked, and all hands, twenty-seven, were taken prisoners, and treated as slaves for several months, when another American vessel trading on the coast heard of the prisoners and came down to Olympia, which was then the port of entry, and reported. The collector of customs assumed the responsibility of their rescue, and sent the vessel back, with a company of citizens and soldiers, under the command of Lieut. John D. Dement of Fort Steilacoon and ransomed the prisoners. Congress afterwards appropriated money to pay for the expedition. Several of the

wrecked crew are now living near Olympia.

The numerous small islands in the central waters of the group, through which we easily pass, are all supposed to be rich in mineral deposits. From one or more they bring specimens of real anthracite coal, from another black and white marble, and I was told that much money had already been sunk in the mining schemes.

We pick up agates on the beach, visit their pretty churches, talk with the natives in "Chinook," gather up all the "curios" purchasable, then return to our steamer and speed across the strait again direct to Port Simpson, on the main land, about sixty miles east. This was one of the first trading posts established by the Hudson Bay Company in 1829, and they have still a large trade with the Indians. There is a large and thriving Methodist mission here, a nice church, which will seat 800, and we were told there that it was filled in the winter when the Indians are all at home, for they go off fishing in the summer, to the numerous canneries, and even go down to Puget Sound to Puyallup for hop-picking in its season. They have also a large and well-furnished school building, besides a boarding home for girls where they are trained in household work; and now in progress another home and school for the boys, where they will be taught mechanic arts.

This is the best place to get Indian "curios," as it is the nearest trading post of the Makah Indians. The Indians here are well-dressed and well-housed, and look healthy and happy. Unlike the posts where salmon canneries are the principal occupation, the houses are in rows near the beach; here the village spreads up the hills and far around the bay, and when one wonders why there is no track of horses or wheels, he is assured that there had never been one. "How, then, is all this freight taken from the steamers? How do you build a big church and houses on hill-tops?" "Oh, Indians take all on their backs; they sometimes have wheelbarrows, nothing more."

The most interesting place visited, to some of us, was the forsaken village of Metlakatla, where Dr. Duncan established such a successful mission. This is a peninsula not far from Port Simpson. The natives of both places were of the Tshimshians, and much like the Makahs; have an intellectual appearance that shows cultivation. Dr. Duncan had a large and flourishing mission for many years, under the church missionary society of London. He was sent out there, on account of his earnest zeal to do the work, at the request of the Provincial Missionary Society of British Columbia, and empowered by them with all authority over his charge, both civil and religious. Under his rule the Indians had become civilized and Christianized, as their homes and their public buildings show; but within a year or two another Bishop of the High Church party was introduced into his field, and interfered so much with the teaching that Dr. Duncan was forced to leave, and all his flock followed him. There is a complete history of this matter published, which I hope to be able to get, and advise all interested to do the same. I heard much talk about it, and found that all Christians of every denomination sympathize with the missionary and his pilgrim flock. We saw the handsome church they had built, and took away mementoes of their attempt to chop it down, when they found they must leave it. The men now in charge are dividing the audience room so as to conform to the diminished numbers.

There could be only one place more interesting to visit, and that is the present home of these banished Indians, and their beloved teacher; but that could not be our privilege, for they have found a new home under the protection of our own Government, on one of the islands of Alaska.

From Port Simpson we visited Portland Channel, which has been mentioned as our southern boundary of Alaska. Its waters are deep, and the mountains high that form its shores. About half-way we became enveloped in thick rain or fog, and had to anchor for the night; but in the morning we steamed up to the head of the inlet and found the United States Coast Survey steamer *Patterson* lying at anchor, and the signs of her work on either shore. One Captain Irving and some of the gentlemen passengers paid them a visit in a small boat, and returned with a present of nice mountain trout for the refreshment of all the passengers.

The waters are full of fish all along the coast, and we would often anchor for a few hours to let the gentlemen go ashore for fishing or hunting, and the ladies generally went also, if there was anything interesting to be seen. But game was hardly seen, and our daily supply of fresh halibut, salmon, flounders, cod, etc., was generally taken at the side of the steamer. All other animal life was conspicuously absent, hardly a bird on the wing

or the voice of a crow, except at the canneries.

Homeward bound, we visited many of the canneries and got glimpses of beautiful scenery in several of the deep inlets along the coast. The towering mountain islands about our path, rocky, but covered with a soft drapery of evergreens, and an occasional glacier in the crown, seemed like the Cascade Range running into the sea; and a geologist has since told me that this is the real state of things. So we go in and out among the mountains, without climbing, and often over depths where there is no anchorage ground. "We behold the beauty of the Lord, when we inquire in his temple," in natural as well as spiritual things. It is wonderful—the amount of salmon taken in these waters. Besides the places named, Nass bay, Port Essington, Inverness, and Alert bay have extensive canneries. For instance, at Nass one steamer took on 3,600 cases of canned salmon, besides at many other places. At Port Essington, where there are two canneries, one of the Methodist and one of the Church of England. As we lay at the wharf over Sunday, some of our party made a conscience of going to church through rain and mud.

On the Skeena river, a few miles from this port, we took on board a "marine battery" of the Provincial Government, eighty-nine in all, seven of whom were officers. They had been camping there as a "reserve force" to quell the Indian outbreak farther up the river; but, as the danger was now past, were anxious to return to Victoria. On our second visit to Alert bay more opportunity was given for a stroll along the beach, an inspection of the Indian graveyards, and a nearer view of the natives in their dark, gloomy wigwags and primitive undress. Such an utter lack of civilization we saw nowhere else, and yet this post was earliest settled, has good agricultural land, big trees, a saw-mill, and other advantages—a little church with a bell and a minister of the English church in charge, but, we judged, a very small following.

Fairly in the Gulf of Georgia again, we coast by Vancouver's Island and land at Comox. There were we cheered by the sight of horses and wagons, and had a nice drive. A party of seventeen, in a hay-wagon, with soft straw at our feet, drawn by a pair of large grays, made a circuit of sixteen miles through the township, and saw lovely farms, with nice dwellings, churches and schools. We had a picnic by a pebbly brook, and made a merry day of it, while another party went fishing and hunting, but caught nothing.

On board at 5 p. m. and away, arrived at Nanaimo at night, and left early in the morning, so we did not see the terminus of the railroad; but at 3 p. m. we reach our journey's end at Victoria, B. C. We were fifteen days on the excursion, which the captain meant to prolong three days had not the rain and fog interfered with our sight-seeing. Our excursion to Vancouver must be reserved for another letter.

H. H. S.

Olympia, Sept. 1, 1888.

INDIFFERENCE OR HOSTILITY.

BY REV. DR. A. L. STONE.

If we were considering the state of mind of a neighbor or an acquaintance toward us, and asked to choose between a sentiment of *Indifference* and one of positive *Hostility*, I should say for myself, give me the latter instead of the former.

In the prevalence of the former sentiment, there would be a total lack of interest in the qualities of brain or heart most characteristic of our being, and of course no appreciation of what were worthy of such an estimate.

But in the exercise of a glowing resentment, the question must needs be raised, What is it that excites such passion, and what is the evidence of its leaven in the soul? The fruit of such an investigation might redeem our standing with the inquirer, and convert hostility into friendship.

The conviction would come home to the heart of the inquirer that the prevalence of ill-will had been a matter of prejudice and injustice, a disease that could be removed only by the most thorough cleansing and purification.

The light of a bright and shining example would be to this indifferent observer not a convincing illumination, but only a slight attraction inviting a moment's gaze, and then obscured by a veil of careless neglect.

But this penetrating heaven would conquer its way through the eyelid draped in heedless gloom, and constrain it to admit the lustre so unjustly excluded.

Let us not, then, attempt to overcome indifference with the exhibition of lovely traits, for they are of no price to such a temper; but let us display to a hostile spirit a desire and purpose to steep it in an affectionate overture, and we have subdued all animosity, and won an out-gushing, grateful, and abiding affection, sympathy and union.

"A HAMBURG SUNDAY-SCHOOL."

BERLIN, Sept. 3, 1888.

EDITORS PACIFIC: Perhaps some of the readers of THE PACIFIC will be glad to hear about a Sabbath-school I visited at Hamburg last Sabbath afternoon. I said, in the last letter written at Stockholm, that they were not up to the Sunday-school idea in Europe. While this is true, there are some things which we would do well to imitate. Hamburg is a free city, and the chief seaport town of Germany, and boasts of a population of 600,000. Her educational advantages are good, but the children's Sunday training seems to be neglected, and the parks are full of them playing, instead of being in the Sabbath-school. Very few of the churches have any at all; in fact, there are only three in this large city which are worth mentioning, so I am told. The one visited is connected with the "Anschur Cappelle," which is located in the center of the city. The building is very large, plain and unattractive. It is used as the parish school through the week. Mr. Philip Beyer, one of the teachers, took me through the building, afterwards taking me to the primary department, in which he is engaged. Two hundred bright eyes greeted us as we entered. These "two hundred" are, after the opening exercises, divided into four classes, each going into separate rooms—two ladies and two gentlemen taking charge of fifty each. The lesson was upon "Forgiveness," and every boy and girl paid good attention to all that was said, and were quick and anxious to answer the questions. There was no trouble, apparently, to keep order; all seemed so interested in the subject that everything else was forgotten for the time. When Mr. Beyer called the roll, each one answered promptly and in a gentlemanly way, "Here," also reporting for the absent ones, giving cause, etc. It was quite comical, as the names were being called, to hear that almost every other name was "Carl" or "Hans"; but, despite all, these little Carls and Hans were not attracted there by the attractive rooms, or the comfortable seats, charts or black-board work, for they were plain board benches with the desks in front of them, every boy keeping his hands clasped and on the desk during the exercises. I will just mention briefly some of the things I saw here and liked: large numbers, good attention, good knowledge of the lesson, good order and good singing by all—no music leaves before them, like we have in America; it was all by heart, loud and prompt; no nice piano—nothing but an old organ that was so small you could easily take it away. The children repeat each Sunday some portion of the catechism with the leader, which they know perfectly; and when the Superintendent reviewed the lesson, asking one question after another, there would be a dozen hands up asking the privilege to answer, and when it was given, it was a quick and intelligent reply. The school numbers 1,000 members, and Mr. Beyer says it reaches about 1,400 at Christmas time; Santa Claus and Christmas have a wonderful drawing power here in Germany as well as in America. Yours cordially,

E. C. GILBERT.

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

The stated meeting of the Board of Managers was held at the Bible House, on Thursday, September 6th, 1888. Grants and consignments of books were made to the Society's Agents in South America and Mexico, and to various correspondents at home and abroad, amounting in the aggregate to about \$6,980. Among the foreign correspondence of the month were letters from the Rev. H. C. Tucker of Rio de Janeiro, giving an account of his recent visit to the Valley of the San Francisco; from the Rev. Wm. M. Patterson, D. D., of Venezuela; from the Rev. A. M. Milne of the La Plata Agency; from Senor Penzotti of Peru; from the Rev. Marcus Bowen, the newly appointed Agent of the Society, announcing his safe arrival in the Levant; and from Miss Ellen M. Pierce, in behalf of the Central Turkey Mission. The cash receipts in August were \$36,051.04. Issues from the Bible House in August, 63,457 volumes; issues since April 1st, 389,851.

A submarine boat soon to be launched at Toulon has excited much interest. It is designed to dive under a vessel, to the bottom of which explosive cartridges are to be fastened. When the submarine marvel gets off at a safe distance from the vessel, these cartridges are to be fired by means of an electric wire, sinking the greatest monster vessels of the seas. Experts are much excited, and differ somewhat in their opinions about the invention soon to be proved.

Ten cattle were killed by lightning during a storm recently in Danville, Vt. They were found dead under two maple trees, which were splintered, and the ground rooted as by the point of a plough.

The Woman's Board OF THE PACIFIC.

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All contributions for the Young Ladies' Branch of the Woman's Board should be sent to Miss Grace E. Goodhue, Treasurer Y. L. B. W. B., 1722 Geary street, S. F.

MADURA MISSION, SOUTHERN INDIA.

[We are permitted to make extracts from private letters of Rev. Mr. Perkins.]

May 30th he wrote: "We have had some accessions from the heathen during the last month in Arrapukotai, and some in other villages, and we are much encouraged. One of the first things that I have to do after reaching Manapalalai is to go to that village where the smallpox has been raging among the Christians, and see if their weak faith cannot be strengthened somewhat. Some of their children returned to our boarding-school, but two did not, and I fear it is on account of the heathen mocking them, in connection with the visitation of the disease. You know they are only babes in Christ, and every excuse must be made for them."

Later he writes of his visit to that village: "It seems that neither the disease nor the mockings of the heathen could shake their faith very much, for I baptized thirteen men, three women and four children, and admitted sixteen into the church, among others the *Munshiff*, or head man of the village."

Pulagal, June 7th: "This is a little village, where we have several Christians, and I am sitting in a mud church, waiting for the sun to decline somewhat so I can travel to some other places. In Arrapukotai I found that Hindu exorcists of whom I have written to you. He had been inciting the Hindus to more active opposition against Christianity. But wherever he preached our pastor and helper went the next night and preached the truth of the gospel. He made most absurd statements about Christ, saying, 'He made a mistake in thinking figs were ripe on that fig-tree, and he was hungry, just like a man. If he had been a God do you suppose he would have allowed those men to take him, beat him, crucify him?' It is the old charge, 'If thou be the Son of God come down from the cross.' Again, the Bible says, God told Satan, or rather the serpent, to go on his belly and eat dust. 'Now,' said he, 'we all know that the serpent eats eggs, and not dust; hence, the Bible is a lie.' There is one thing he did admit about Christ—namely, that he was a sinless man, and that, too, when he and all his hearers knew of the many awful deeds of the gods of the Hindus are said to have committed. That grand challenge to all mankind, spoken in the first century, echoes down through the centuries to this age with accelerated force and power, 'Who convinces me of sin?' and even enemies are obliged to answer, 'No one.' There is a sense of justice about the Hindus, and after this exhorter had been abusing the Christian religion our pastor spoke to them, saying, 'We have been preaching Christ to you for ten years and have never abused your religion. Is it right to allow this man to abuse us?' They admitted it, and the next day, at that particular place in the town, he could not get an audience. As I have written before, we rather like this active opposition to Christianity, for the devil is not going to stir up resistance when his kingdom is not threatened. The people of this village where I am to-day are quite poor, and live in wretched mud huts. I was pleased in questioning them to find that they knew considerable about Christ. There are some Roman Catholics here, and while I am writing they are quarreling and fighting with words at a great rate. I say with words, because the Tamil people seldom strike, but they can out-talk any nation on earth, whether in preaching, exhorting, praying or quarreling. I never heard anything like the stream of words they can pour out. At home the thing is to get people to take part in prayer-meetings, but here it is to keep some from taking part. Do not misunderstand me. Some are very spiritual, but the prayers of others are only, as Hamlet says, 'Words, words, words!'

"Squatted around on the church floor are several who are watching me as I write; for a missionary has not been here for a long time, and I am an object of curiosity to them. I shall have to lie down presently; then I will tell them 'Poiterarungal'—that is, 'Go and come,' or the polite Tamil way of asking them to leave.

"From here I go four miles, meet another congregation, and hold a meeting; then to another village four miles further, and hold another. There I stay all

night, sleeping in my bandy, as it is quite comfortable, cool, and free from insects which are found in churches and houses. * * *

"Yesterday (Sunday), after church, I went to my boarding-school, and had an interesting time examining the boys in the Bible, asking questions here and there throughout the whole Bible. I often do this on Sunday, and you would be surprised to hear how well they answer. Among other questions I asked yesterday was what story in the Bible they liked best. Many seemed to like the story of Daniel, a few the story of Joseph, and one little fellow said he liked Matthew. 'What Matthew?' I asked. 'The gospel of Matthew,' he replied. He meant that he liked the story of Jesus in Matthew. To me these children are very amusing and lovable, and I only wish I could keep them as pure as they are now; but all the Bible knowledge they possess must bear its fruit some time—God's precious Word, which some know so well, will not return unto him void.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE ARRIVAL OF REV. C. EELLS, D.D., IN WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

August 29, 1838, Rev. Cushing Eells and wife and a few others arrived at Dr. Whitman's mission station at Walla Walla, after an overland journey, mostly on horseback, across the plains. August 29, 1888, the event was celebrated by his children, grandchildren and a few friends at the residence of his son, Edwin Eells, Indian agent on the Puyallup reservation, Washington Territory. The day previous, Rev. M. Eells, with his family, came from Skokomish, and on the morning of the 29th, Dr. Eells and all his descendants met together, the first time they have ever done so. There were fifteen of them, namely: Dr. Eells, Agent Eells, wife and six daughters, and Rev. M. Eells, wife and four sons. After breakfast, an artist came and took a picture of all of them in front of Agent Eells' house.

After dinner, Rev. R. S. Stubbs, Rev. S. H. Cheadle, Mrs. A. M. Palmer and Mr. G. W. Bell, having come out to pay their respects to Dr. Eells on the completion of this semi-centennial on the Pacific Coast, a very pleasant afternoon was spent together.

Rev. Myron Eells read a paper (which will be found on our second page) in regard to the ancestry of the Eells' family, from the time the first one came to America from England in 1630, and showed a photograph, taken from an old painting, of Major Samuel Eells, the progenitor of the family, who was a major in Cromwell's army.

The following mementoes were also shown: A copy book of Mrs. M. F. Eells, very neat and in good condition, dated 1835 (she having died ten years ago); a letter written by her to her sister in Massachusetts from Walla Walla in October, 1838; three of her certificates for teaching school, all of them over 50 years old, one of them being 60 years old; a lancet and penknife which Dr. Eells brought across the plains 50 years ago; a money-purse and leather trunk of Mrs. Eells, which also rode horseback across the continent at that time; a New England primer, spelling book and testament which Agent Eells read and studied over 40 years ago.

Dr. Eells spoke of the time when mails came by way of Cape Horn and the Sandwich Islands once in six months, the newest papers being six, and the oldest twelve months old; also, that in early days, when living near the Spokane river, he had traveled one hundred and forty miles to put a letter in the postoffice, and that often he was two weeks in going after his mails and in returning.

In 1838, Mrs. M. F. Eells wrote from Walla Walla: "The country is large, and there are comparatively few inhabitants in it. The Hudson Bay company have a number of trading posts, which are generally about three hundred miles apart; the Methodist mission has two stations, one 150 miles and the other 400 miles from here (at the Dalles and near Salem, Oregon). Mr. Spalding and Dr. Whitman each have a station about one hundred and twenty-five miles apart. Besides these, there are no others in this great territory." There has certainly been a great change from that time to this.

Refreshments were next served, after which the company joined in singing several favorite hymns, such as "I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord," "God is the Refuge of His Saints," "When He Cometh" and "Silently the Shades of Evening." Prayer was offered by Chaplain Stubbs, the doxology was sung, and the benediction pronounced by Dr. Eells, now in his 79th year.

China has to raise \$32,500,000 to repair the levees on the Yellow river, and the money is secured by stopping all official salaries for two years.

OUR CONGREGATIONAL CITY MISSIONARY.

[A paper read at the Congregational Club by Rev. W. W. Souder. The facts cited are taken from "Modern Cities and Their Religious Problems," by S. L. Loomis—a most suggestive and valuable work.]

A large majority of Christian people are not even aware of the vast social and industrial changes that have transformed Christendom in the last twenty-five years, and very few have commenced in any adequate measure to realize them. The average church member has no idea that the methods and plans for church work of the golden past are at all inadequate for the darkening future. "This worked well fifty years ago—why not now?" "When I was a boy nobody heard of such new-fangled ways, and it's all nonsense to-day." Such is the feeling against which much of the most necessary reform butts itself to death. The indifference, the lethargy, the open-eyed astonishment, at the need of anything different from what has been—all show a sad ignorance of still sadder facts.

One of the plainest of facts is the astounding growth of cities. Yet, though going on under our eyes and noses, to most persons the statistics sound like so much fiction. Take the world's greatest city, London, with a larger population than Holland or Sweden or Portugal or Scotland or Ireland or Canada; twice as large as Denmark; three times the number of Norway; increasing 10,000 a month—125,000 each year. Look at Chicago, with an increase of 35,000 a year; New York, with 50,000 added each year; and great cities like Minneapolis and Kansas City, unheard of twenty years ago! In 1800, one-twenty-fifth of our population was in cities of 8,000 inhabitants, and over; to-day, one-fourth. Then, six cities had more than 6,000 people; now—nearly, if not quite—300 such cities. To keep pace with such growth, the Church of Christ must forge ahead under full head of steam.

A second fact that we scarcely realize is the rapidity with which the Church is being left behind in her race with the cities. The average for the country at large is said to be one church for every 500 people. Eight years ago New York city had one to every 3,000; to-day, one to every 4,000. But four new churches were planted where the growth of the city called for 100. Dr. Strong says: "It is true of all the cities, whose religious statistics the writer has looked up, that their Church provision is falling behind the growth of their population." Large neglected districts dot our cities—as in New York, one of 60,000 with three churches; another of 50,000 with one church; one in Chicago of 60,000 without a church, Protestant or Catholic.

It is said our city churches are larger and stronger than those in the country. True; but this gives little relief, when we reflect that in the country the proportion of church members to the population is from two to five times greater than in the city. It has been said that, were there no slums and churchless multitudes calling for special efforts, there must be in our cities greater Christian activity than there is to-day, simply to provide accommodation for newcomers. Like the disciples, who looked with astonishment at the thousands that had gathered in a night, we stand amazed—confounded; for the Master calls on us to feed a multitude, and we find we have on hand provision enough for our own households only.

We take some relief in the supposition that this increase consists almost entirely of Catholic and infidel immigration. A great mistake. Judging of their religious belief from the religious complexion of the countries from which they come, it is estimated that for every 17 Catholics who land on these shores 15 Protestants come with them. Yet, almost to a man, those 15 are outside our churches. They swell the ranks of day-laborers, who are conspicuous by their absence from our congregations, and their presence in that monument of a nation's iniquity—the licensed saloon. True, many of them, brought up under a formal State religion, know nothing of the "new birth," and their views on temperance and the Sabbath are not in accord with those of our American evangelical Churches, so that Protestantism here may seem almost like another faith to them. Allowing all this, we have in our common belief a leverage that leaves no excuse for not holding a majority of these newcomers. In San Francisco foreigners by birth, and those whose parents are of foreign birth, compose 78 of every 100 of the city's population. What are we doing for this class? Or, are our Churches working exclusively for the remaining 22 per cent., by holding and plans to methods that reach this minority alone?

And just here is a threatening fact that, as yet, has not begun to leave its impression on the average membership of our churches. From one-half to three-fourths of our city population is made up of wage-earners, who almost in a body shun the church. There can be no more dangerous condition of society than one in which any of the great layers that form it lie unenlivened by Christianity, which floats above it, as oil above water, without mingling. We see the social gulf daily widening between rich and poor, and the Church, instead of bridging it, pushed steadily over to the side of the minority. Each day shows more where and how much we lack contact with this class of our cities. As a whole, our American churches have not sought points of contact with them. The difficulty is one of principle and aim, not circumstances. It is not because some

of our cities have as high an average as 84 and 87 per cent. of foreigners that this condition exists; for in London men are battling with the same problem where but two per cent. are from abroad. The results of this condition of society in its rapid growth of vice, crime, pauperism, anarchism, and infidelity of every sort, moral and religious, are plainly visible. The only solvent of these menacing social problems is the Church of Christ applying in daily contact with all men the life and principles of her Master.

But, outside of our stereotyped methods, services and meetings, what do we do? In some quarters of some cities—notably in London, and recently in some of our own—there are churches wide awake to the hour's need, endeavoring to touch the people at every conceivable point. Their doors stand open the week around, affording free amusement, reading rooms, opportunities for self-improvement, a home for the homeless, rooms for workmen's clubs and meetings, boys' clubs, parlors for working girls and women. They are not afraid their carpets will be worn out or furniture hurt. They are more afraid souls may be lost for the lack of their use, and cheerfully offer them as offsets to the saloon and dens of vice. They find work for the unemployed, keep a large force (sometimes as many as 10) of paid helpers for thorough visitation, alleviating suffering, and pushing all forms of aggressive work, from open-air preaching to quiet tract distribution. And yet the idea of two pastors for even one of our largest churches is, to many at least, a novel thing, if it does not seem to be an unwarrantable expenditure. Roman Catholics are wiser than we. Have they a cathedral or large church without its force of priests and "Sisters of Mercy?"

The city is the strategic point. The cross was planted in that city where met the three civilizations of Roman, Jew and Greek. The apostles aimed ever at the cities, and then Christianity first took hold and flourished. The influence of these centers is one hundred-fold greater to-day. Here flow in wealth and commerce through the great firms and corporations, railroads, banks and mines, and the shipping interests; here is the press; from it go out the social and intellectual forces of the land. It is thus that San Francisco gives, and is destined to give, in a sense, the religious tone to the northern part of the State. She determines largely the vote of religious activity in our churches. The attitude the non-religious community takes towards religious life and work is largely the resultant of her influences. Lethargy outside may little effect her, but lethargy within must mightily affect those without. To endeavor to push reforms in the teeth of her example is almost futile. Hence Christian people of our chief cities, because of their peculiar privileges and influence, are under peculiar obligations to their brethren that their Christianity be intensely evangelistic, and they be leaders in all aggressive work. It is your place, my brethren, to be foremost in the attempt to solve these pressing questions. And as we have a right to demand it of you, you have a right to ask for any assistance we can render you, in thus at the outset bearing the burden of our common battle.

As San Francisco has rapidly grown, what has Congregational Christianity done for the city? Twelve years after the founding of the First church, in '49, there seems to have been a period of vigorous, healthful growth. In quick succession were founded Plymouth in '62, the Third church in '63, the Fourth in '65. Then we came to a dreary period of eight years before Bethany was started, and that not in accordance with the law of healthful growth, but from causes the very opposite. Eleven long years more before Olivet was born; that is two churches in nineteen years, or, by normal growth, one in nineteen years. Has the city, too, been standing still, or were there more Christians in those days of 1863-65, or a greater need of activity? For there is a close relation between active evangelistic effort and an increase in the number of churches. In a growing city it shows a successful grappling of the problems presented, a strengthening, an advance, where increasing church accommodations are required. The Swedish church, organized in 1886, is in no sense an outgrowth of our churches. The record is not pleasing. Why this lack of new enterprises, apparently so needed?

I suggest as the greatest obstacle the two-fold tendency towards segregation and centralization. 1. Segregation. The cry against Protestantism is its endless division. This is the great hindrance abroad; it is our great hindrance in reaching the masses of this land. We show little united front and effort. But we must lay our hands on our mouths, for, so long as united efforts are lacking among our own churches, we cannot complain of any interdenominational lack. The weak point of Congregationalism lies just here: A grand polity for fellowship, but for fellowship in united aggressive work fatally defective, unless its rays are focused in a general organization. We should guard the weak points. It is with a view to such united effort that the subject of this paper is suggested. Our churches might as well be in so many different cities in this respect, for they have absolutely no common head in this necessary city mission work; there is no field where their forces are brought together. They fight in detachments against strong and thoroughly organized powers. Each is shut in its own patch, except in our Bay or General Association meeting for counsel and mutual plan-

ning. Each of these churches should, as fast as possible, have its own corps of mission workers. But meanwhile the very least we can do is to unite in supporting one such man, experienced and live, at the head of a healthful city missionary organization. It is said that not a single denomination in San Francisco has such a city missionary. The same is probably true of Oakland. Our Southern cities, much younger, have far outstripped us in this matter. Were the members of our churches alive to the need, Congregationalism about the bay could easily support one or two such men. The influence of such a common work in bringing our churches directly and constantly in touch with those classes of society so difficult to reach, and in making Christian people familiar with the needs, and serious facts, and best methods of work, as well as on the evangelistic spirit of the city and thus of the State, cannot be questioned. Its success in cities like Boston and Minneapolis is phenomenal.

2. Centralization. Individual isolation is bad enough. But when as a natural consequence the tendency of centralization follows, the difficulty is made ten-fold worse. Great central churches is the aim, that shall attract the people from every quarter of the city; and where this is the idea each aims to become such a center. I believe it to be an unmitigated curse. It exalts the church at the expense of the kingdom. The theory and practice are one—to draw the cream from every quarter, leaving skimmed milk in outlying districts. It builds up large churches with flourishing finances and splendid charities, but at the expense of large destitute sections, failing chiefly to reach the laboring classes. It discourages the system of "parish" limits, so successfully worked by State and Roman Catholic churches (by which a church devotes its entire energies to the part of the city naturally falling to its care), thus doing a superficial rather than solid work. Centralization opens the way for jealousy, unchristian rivalry, selfish competition (a sad spectacle in a day when earnest men are agitating the application of the Christian principle of co-operation in place of the fierce competitive methods of business. Surely, in Christian work this evil should be absent). Or, where one church largely overshadows the others, the tendency is aristocratic, and smaller organizations are thrown into the shade. The longer this theory is fostered the harder it must be to start new churches, with the spirit of the people trained against small enterprises. The central idea being attraction, it tends to put undue stress on attractions. If the vast sums spent in this direction flowed into channels of aggressive work, would the results not be better? "We must make services attractive." True; but where \$1,000 is spent for music \$2,000 ought to be expended for vigorous missionary work. Then, under such an atmosphere, we should not find Christian people refusing to leave their great central church and throw their influence into the work of their immediate and more destitute vicinity; nor one or two churches breathing easily at the expense of others—perhaps their own offspring, who are gasping for breath all about them. It was by dispersion that Christianity conquered. Following this line, revival methods are changing. The plan now is not so many "monster meetings," as thickly planted smaller centers of life and light.

Evenly, what we need is a greater scattering of the light, a thorough breaking up of class distinctions in our churches by close and sympathetic contact with every class of society; a method in our work so thoroughly democratic as to reach every one; more thought of churches for the people than people for the churches, more of the Master's purpose and plan of carrying the gospel to men than of erecting central depots where they can get it to carry away. The pertinency of all this to the subject in hand may be shown by our question, Is there any known agency in Christian work that would more powerfully, successfully and speedily tend to bring about these blessed results of co-operation in spiritual work than a well-sustained Congregational city missionary society?

Two suggestions should be made in closing:

1. Call a man who has been blessed in this work. Leave him entirely untrammelled to plan and carry out his plans in his own way. Several of our Eastern cities with flourishing city missionary organizations can better afford to spare us such a tried worker than we can afford to commence without him. 2. Then let us back him unitedly, enthusiastically, with the conviction that the Church of Christ is not to be a sponge sucking up into itself the religious force and fervor of the community, but rather a great heart, with fierce beating energy, forcing its hot life-blood through every diminutive vein and artery of the great city.

The Board of Trustees of the National Temperance Hospital, located in Chicago, has decided to build, and ground will be obtained as near the center of the city as possible. The new hospital will consist of a main building and wings. It is hoped the Young Women's Christian Temperance Unions will furnish sufficient funds to build one of the wings.

Christianity consists of the teachings of Christ, and of the life, individual and social, which is based upon his teachings and nourished by communion with him.—Gladden.

THE EELLS FAMILY.

[A paper read at the Puyallup Agency, W. T., August 29, 1888, on the fiftieth anniversary of the coming of Rev. C. Eells, D.D., to the Pacific Coast.]

The first one of the ancestors of the Eells family who came to America was John, who came to Massachusetts, probably in 1630. He lived at Dorchester, Mass., until 1640—ten years—when he sold out, and returned to Barnstable, Eng., and never came back to America. He took with him to England his infant son.

SAMUEL,

Who was born at Dorchester, Mass., the year before, June 23, 1639, and baptized by Rev. Richard Mather. He remained in England until 1661. While there he was a Major in Cromwell's army, among those "Ironsides," whose motto was to "trust in God, and keep your powder dry." When he was 22 years old, he returned to America, and was the progenitor of all persons by the name of Eells in this country. He went to Connecticut, and was one of the first settlers of Milford. He was a man of wealth, a lawyer, married a minister's daughter, and commanded a garrison in King Philip's war.

I will now note a few items in regard to the family in general. Love of justice to the Indian was one strong trait in the character of this Major Samuel Eells. Says the historian of King Philip's war: "Captain Eells immortalized his name by his opposition to the diabolical act of Government (the Plymouth Colony) for selling Indian captives as slaves." Indeed, had not his plans been overruled by mere force, there would have been no such war. Says Brownell's "Indian Races of America" (page 242): "Not far from this time, July (1675) the town of Dartmouth, having been in a great measure destroyed by the enemy, a large number of Indians, not less than 160, who had dwelt in the country thereabout, and were not active partakers in the destruction of the town, delivered themselves up to one Captain Eells (Eells) upon promises of good treatment. They were nevertheless taken to Plymouth, sold by the colonial authorities as slaves, and transported to foreign ports. Captains Church and Eells made upon this occasion the most vehement remonstrances, expressed by Church with his characteristic energy and spirit; but all to no purpose, as it only secured him the ill-will of Government. The act was grossly impolitic, as well as perfidious and cruel." Probably you are all aware that love of justice to the Indian has not yet died out of the family.

THE MINISTRY.

Has also been another item somewhat prominent in the family. Major Samuel Eells was not a minister, but he married the daughter of one, who, although she died when one son was about twelve years old, seems to have left such an impression on him that Nathaniel entered the ministry. I have a list of seventeen of his descendants who have entered this profession, but there have been more. Says the *Presbyterian Banner* of October 7, 1885, in speaking of one Edward Eells, Jr., who had been recently licensed: "He is the twentieth of the same name and family in the ministry of the gospel since 1703. All but one of these have been in the Congregational or Presbyterian Churches, graduates of Harvard, Yale, Williams, Hamilton, Pacific University, or University of Virginia; and all sound in the faith of the Westminster standards. Besides these the multitude who, as deacons or elders, have served the Church is unnumbered. And not by any means less are the many daughters of the family who, as the wives and mothers of clergymen of other names, have served or are serving the cause of Christ in stations no less responsible."

PATRIOTISM.

Of some of these has been somewhat noticeable. Rev. Samuel Eells was pastor at North Branford, Conn., during the Revolutionary War. He raised a volunteer company from his own congregation, of which he was chosen captain, but, fortunately, there was no occasion for his services.

Rev. Nathaniel Eells, who was settled at Stonington, Conn., for fifty-three years, from 1733 to 1786, preached a thanksgiving sermon in 1777, immediately after the defeat of Burgoyne, in which he said: "God has blessed the arms of the country with victory and success beyond our most sanguine expectations."

Hereby, that part of our land, tossed and shaken, enjoys rest and quietness; our secret and intestine enemies will be stunned and disheartened; new life and spirit will be conveyed to our armies, and all the inhabitants of the land, animated with strength and gladness, will congratulate one another, and praise the Lord most high. And what a damp must this prove to the European troops, when they hear that the Lord is with us, to fight our battles, and to pull down our enemies! And when the news does cross the Atlantic and pierce the ears of the king and ministry and parliament of Great Britain, how they will gnash their teeth and melt away, to hear that their boasted general, and so great a part of their chosen troops, are become a prey to the poor Americans, whom they so evilly treated, so cruelly despised and oppressed." This man was appointed

"Centennial Papers of the General Conference of Connecticut, 1876. P. 77.

ed chaplain of a regiment to be raised and stationed at New London, Conn. His son, Rev. John Eells, whose ministry also spanned the Revolution at Glastonbury, Conn., was so patriotic that when the news of the battle of Lexington reached Glastonbury, during divine service, it was announced from the pulpit.

I once heard Deacon E. S. Tanner say during the late civil war of Dr. Cushing Eells, both of them having been in the Walla Walla valley a part of that time, which was somewhat noted for sympathizing with the South, that Dr. Eells felt badly when at a Sabbath service he could not pray for the President and country without being found fault with severely. One nephew of his lost his life in the civil war at the early age of sixteen.

An odd incident occurred at East Glastonbury, Conn., during the ministry of Rev. James Eells, 1769-1805: A new meeting-house was needed, and, after failing in other ways to obtain the money, a petition was sent to the General Assembly of Connecticut for a lottery for the purpose, which was granted. (And this in staid old Connecticut, the land of blue laws. Surely, the world does move.) The parish, however, never received any benefit from it. The managers incurred large losses, which swallowed up a large amount of profits, and the funds were obtained in another way. During the last two years of his life, when he was feeble, the votes of the church read a little odd. "October 11, 1803.—Voted that Captain — take care of Mr. Eells the year ensuing. Voted that Captain — shall procure clothing for Mr. Eells as shall be necessary the year ensuing." "November, 1804.—Voted that the committee dispose of Rev. James Eells as they think best."

EDUCATION.

In the item about ministers, it is said that twenty ministers, all of them college educated, had come from the family. John Eells, a brother of Dr. Cushing Eells, was one of the founders, workers and trustees of the Western Female Seminary at Oxford, Ohio, which is on the plan of the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary. Another Rev. James Eells, D.D., who was for several years a pastor in Oakland, Cal., was, also, before his recent death, professor in Lane Theological Seminary at Cincinnati, Ohio.

LONG LIFE.

Major Samuel Eells, the progenitor of the family in America, died at the age of seventy. His son, the first minister in the family, lived to be seventy-three. The seven children of Deacon Nathaniel Eells, the grandfather of Doctor Cushing Eells, averaged sixty-nine years, two of them having been over seventy-nine, and one of these was the father of Dr. Joseph Eells. There were ten in the family of Dr. Eells. Only three of these are now living, and the average age of them all to the present time is fifty-eight and a half years.

Dr. Eells, "who took his life in his hand, and his wife in the other, to come to this region" fifty years ago, is nearly ten years older than any of the family who have died, and nine years older than any who are yet living. There was never a death in his family until he was sixty-eight, which is more than any of his brothers or sisters can say, when his wife died. There were eight children in my mother's family. She died at the age of seventy-three, older than any of her brothers and sisters by four years, the only one now living, who is now eighty-one. Surely their lives were given into the hands of one who truly said, "With long life will I satisfy him and give him my salvation."

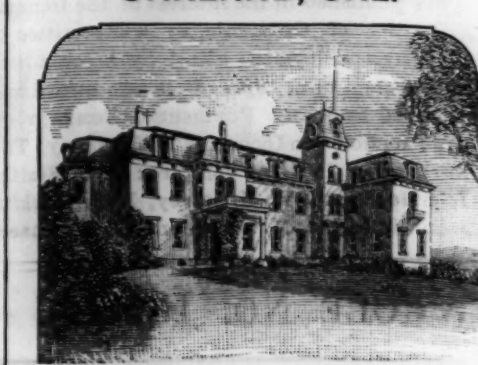
DESCENDANTS.

While some of Dr. Eells' brothers and sisters have had more children than he has, three, four, five, and even seven, and he has had only two, yet he has more than twice as many grandchildren living as any one of them, and about as many as all of the nine of his brothers and sisters. My mother has as many children as all of her seven brothers and sisters, twice as many married, and two or three times as many grandchildren. "Truly those who save their lives shall lose them, and those who lose them for Christ's sake shall find them," for, "every one that hath forsaken houses and brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, for my name's sake, shall receive a hundred-fold, and shall inherit everlasting life."

"Centennial Papers of the General Conference of Connecticut, 1876. P. 50.

Dr. Tanner, who attracted much attention by his forty days' fast in New York city, a number of years ago, lives in New Mexico, where he has a 1,500-acre ranch. He is connected with a founding association, which is intended to show that the baser passions are aroused principally by the use of animal food. He is now in Indiana trying to collect forty infants to experiment with. He thinks that he can make them all good and long-lived by feeding them one meal a day of a light vegetarian diet. The Doctor himself lives on one meal a day, breakfast.

The old order of personal intercourse between master and workman is gone. The small self-contained community, in which there were none very rich and none very poor, has almost disappeared. The new forms of society are not yet shaped or moulded. The one thing most needed now is that the rich men shall know how the workmen live, and the workmen shall know how the rich men work.—September Forum.

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Deep grows the clover, a soft green sea;
Bithely the note of the thrush rings,
And Margery, under the locust tree,
Sits at her patchwork, and sews and sings—
Sings and dreams, and her fingers fly,
With sunbeams kissed and with shadows
fleeced,
And the fair spring hours flit lightly by
With the joy they bring to a bride-elect.

And, oh, what a wonderful quilt will grow
Out of those fragments and tiny bits!
And the dimples come and the dimples go,
As she measures and matches, and trims
and fits—
A bit of blue in the center there,
From a remnant left of her Sunday gown;
A strip of white and a rose-pink square,
And a border here of chocolate brown.

Chocolate brown—that was grandma's dress,
Bought that year when John first came,
Margery's thinking of that, I guess,
For in Margery's cheeks shines forth a
flame.
And this is a scrap of Jennie's sacque,
Dots of white on a ground of green,
And tiny, zigzag lines of black,
With drooping, golden bells between.

The sunbeams earth is very fair
To the maid who sits in her shady niche,
And a tender thought, that is like a prayer,
Is lightly fastened with every stitch.
There's a new, sweet world that is just at
hand,
Where a cozy nest of a home is built,
And she wonders and dreams of that un-
known land,
As she sings and pieces her patchwork
quilt.
—Good Housekeeping.

"JUDGE NOT."

It was Christmas Eve, but the weekly
prayer-meeting was to be held as usual,
and Mr. and Mrs. Heston allowed no
trifling thing to keep them at home.

At the church door they were accosted
by one of the brethren, who inquired:
"How much are you going to give me
toward the steel engraving we have pur-
chased for our pastor's wife?"

"I think perhaps I ought not to give
you anything this time."

It cost Mr. Heston something to say
this, for though he was not rich, he was
a generous man; his name was rarely
lacking from a subscription list. But he
was not prepared for the storm of unkind
words and unjust insinuations which his
partially declining to subscribe toward
this gift called forth.

I will not tell you what this solicitor
said, for you would hardly believe the
words could come from Christian lips.

Mr. Heston went into the prayer-
meeting, but there was little joy in the
service for him. He had not yet learned
to rejoice in tribulation, to take all such
burdens as something given him to bear
for Christ, and his heart was sore.

It had been one of his hard days. At
10 in the morning there had been pre-
sented at his office a note for \$500,
which his bookkeeper neglected to enter
among his bills payable. Fortunately, the
money was in the bank, and he had only
to draw a check for it; but the circum-
stance annoyed him. Later in the day
he remembered that he had promised,
on that date, to settle a claim against
him for \$200, which a young man in a
bank, for whom he had gone as bonds-
man, had stolen. Still later, there came
a heart-breaking letter from an old col-
lege chum, who was out upon the fron-
tier in charge of a poor, struggling
church. It was an answer to a barrel of
warm winter clothing and Christmas
goodies which Mr. Heston sent his
friend, thinking he might enjoy them,
but never dreaming that he was reduced
to utter extremity.

As he folded the letter something very
like tears glistened in his eyes, strong
man that he was. He took out his bank-
book, added it up carefully, and then
drew a check for \$25. He could not
take the time to write a letter, and the
sheet of paper accompanying the check
contained only three words to his clerical
friend: "A merry Christmas! God
prosper you." (Phil. iv. 19.)

There were other things which made
this day an ever-to-be-remembered one
to Mr. Heston. He went home utterly
weary.

"James," his wife said, as they sat
around the cheerful supper table, "I
happened in at old Mrs. M'Neal's this
afternoon, and I saw clearly that they
would have no Christmas dinner unless
I sent it to them, so I ordered a turkey
and some groceries."

"That was right. You paid for
them?"

"No, hadn't a cent left after paying
for—"

She checked herself just in time. It
was a silk umbrella for her husband's
Christmas which had drained her purse.
"They came to five dollars. I bought
them at Kleing's. He doesn't seem to
be doing much this year, and I told him
I would send Mary around with the
money this evening."

He took out his pocket-book, and
handed the servant the required amount
—his last dollar.

A little later he went to prayer-meet-
ing, and was accosted and misjudged,
as I have said. He returned home, and
came to his old mother's room, and
kneeling beside me as he used to do
when he was a boy, silently told me the
whole story.

Silently I prayed our Father to take
away the sting, and reaching for my Bible
I pointed to the verse I had marked
many years ago: "Blessed is the man
to whom the Lord will not impute sin,"
and when he gave me his good-night
kiss I saw that he was comforted. But
I did wish I could whisper in the ear
of the one who had thoughtlessly wronged
him: "Thou art inexcusable, O man,
whoever thou art, that judgest!"—
Christian Guardian.

AN ALCOTT ANECDOTE.

My acquaintance with the late Miss
Louisa Alcott was begun in so novel a
fashion that I feel impelled to tell about
it for the amusement of the *Wide Awake*
readers. I had come from a pretty Vermont
town to Boston, just as "Little Women"
was published, and having its first wonder-
ful success. I was in one of Boston's largest
circulating libraries, beginning to
earn my own bread and butter. The
furore for the new book was entirely un-
precedented, and we had over two hun-
dred copies of it, not one of which was
ever in. The order-book was filled with
calls for it, and as fast as a copy came
in it was sent out again. One day, when
I had been about a week in the library,
a lady came in whose face I liked very
much, and asked me for something "de-
lightfully funny and nice" to read. By
the merest chance I had in my hand a
copy of "Little Women" that had just
been returned to the library, and that I
was about to do up to send out again.
With a sudden impulse I handed it to
the lady, saying, "I'm sure this will
please you."

She took it, looked at it a moment in-
side and out, then threw it aside.
I was astonished to see the cherished
book treated with disdain, but I managed
to ask, "Have you read it?"

"I've seen it," was the curt reply.
"Don't you like it?" I again ventured.
"It's a ridiculous thing," was the an-
swer.

This was too much for me, and I pro-
ceeded then and there to give a most
eloquent defense of the book, mingled
with a little satire at the taste that could
find nothing but what was ridiculous in
it.

The lady listened to me without rely-
ing, then turned away and sought the
proprietor of the library, and was soon
engaged in earnest conversation with
him. I saw her glance around at me,
and his eyes followed her glance. She
was no doubt complaining of my imper-
tinentness, and I was sure of reproach,
possibly dismissal. Suddenly the proprietor
burst into a hearty peal of laughter, in
which the lady joined. I don't know
why it was, but I felt a little reassured,
and just then I was called to the receiv-
ing-desk.

"Do you know who the lady is whom
you were just serving?" asked the girl
in charge there.

"What, the one talking with Mr. Lor-
ing?"

"Yes."

"No, I'm sure I don't," I answered.
"Well, it was the author of 'Little
Women.'"

"What! not Miss Alcott?"
"Yes, certainly, Miss Alcott."
"Oh, dear! and I've just been abusing
her because she wouldn't take her own
book."

And that was just what I had been
doing; but it was such an unconscious
tribute to her story that Miss Alcott re-
garded it as a compliment, and it is per-
haps needless to say, neither of us ever
forgot our first meeting.—*Sallie Joy*
White, in September Wide Awake.

AMERICAN SCHOOLS.

I wish I could say a few words of un-
diluted praise for American schools from
a sanitary point of view; but many years'
experience on school boards compels me
to believe and say that there are few bet-
ter, more effective and rapid means of
injuring a child's system, physical and
mental, than steady adherence to our
hours of school within doors, and of les-
sons without. Every successive genera-
tion finds less and less practical knowl-
edge among our young people, with a
steadily decreasing rate of increase of spe-
cies, until it is but a question of a few
years when there will be no more full-
blooded American women to keep up the
race. Brains and central nerves are
overtaxed systematically, and the few
moments per diem allowed for relaxa-
tion are employed in reading novels or
otherwise weakening physical powers that
are already below par.

Few school-rooms are constructed or
furnished with regard to the health of little
ones who spend so many of their best
hours therein, and attempts to better
such a condition fail because there is no
money to be made out of the contract.
What, then, are we to do? Take the
chances, I presume, and send our chil-
dren to do the best they can, where our
neighbors send theirs. There seems ab-
solutely no remedy short of educating
the public, a slow and tedious task.

Meanwhile, see to it that children do
not study out of school. Any lesson
that needs to be learned at home is worse
than useless; it is positively hurtful.

Keep them out of doors at all weathers
as much as possible, and see that their
food is plain and nutritious.—*American*
Magazine for September.

VERSE-WRITING.

"In our own immediate times verse-
writing has become something more of
the nature of a disease than of an honor.
A species of rhymophobia pervades the
cultivated world. Like the bite of the
bitten victim, fashionable forms of con-
struction extend. There is contagion in
them. The strain for effect has become
virulent. We feel, perforce, a sympathy
with the half-playful, but wholly earnest,
revolt of Dr. Holmes against the epidem-
ic character of our debilitated verse.

"That overbalanced struggle for per-
fection of manner which stifles the spirit;
the renaissance of obsolete forms which
vitiates the modernness of sympathy so
necessary to healthful work; the endless
tricking and decking of little thoughts;
the apparent unconsciousness of whether

one's thought be large or little, or wheth-
er it be worth thinking at all, or, if worth
thinking, whether thinking in poetry—
these qualities characterize so much of
the verse of our day that one may be
pardon for becoming more aware of
them than of some other and better traits
which undoubtedly accompany them.
It may be said that there is a certain
loss of the sense of proportion in our
poetic power. By this I mean that pro-
portion of form as the soul is to the human
body. We do not build loftily. We do
not live to last. We do not always
know why we build at all. The result is
a lack of architecture. But we have
plenty of verse-carpentering; done as
neatly as the service of Adam Bede,
who thought the world was to be saved
by conscientious day's labor. But the
paper cap of the workman looks over the
whole job."—*The Century for Septem-
ber.*

"DRUNK, OF COURSE."

On one occasion, while living in China,
I was going with a party of missionaries
to a picnic in the neighboring hills, and
went to some stables to hire horses for
the ladies. While arranging the fares, the
hostler said:

"Are you going to drink wine?"
"No," I said; "why, what has that to
do with my hiring horses?"

"I thought," said he, "that you foreign
people never went to that place without
drinking wine."

In the course of further conversation
I discovered that the term commonly
used for picnic was *drink wine*, because
drinking wine formed so large a part of
the proceedings of picnics.

Of late years matters have consider-
ably changed in this particular in the
foreign communities in China, but there
is still abundant room for improvement.
A native pastor remarked to me once on
the notable change at the port of Amoy.
He said:

"A few years ago, almost every Sunday
afternoon we used to see foreign sailors
brawling and fighting opposite the chapel
door, and our people standing round,
some of them contemptuous, others
laughing at them; but this is seldom
seen now."

Yet I myself have often been very
much ashamed at what I have witnessed;
as, for instance, one Sunday when I was
walking through the Chinese city, and
saw a street very much excited, men and
women running into the shops, "What
is the matter?" I said to a respectable shop-
keeper.

"Oh, only some of your barbarian
fellows fighting," said he, turning upon
his heels in contempt. And the "barbarian
fellows" were drunk, of course.

I can only repeat that this sort of con-
duct on the part of foreign residents
and foreign sailors is a great stumbling-
block to mission work, and that those
who try in such localities to effect a re-
formation in the drinking customs of our
countrymen, are aiding in no small de-
gree the good cause of making the truth
of Christ more palatable to the Chinese
and more presumably true.—*Selected*

THE WRONG AND THE RIGHT WAY.

How parents provoke their children—
by unreasonable commands; by perpetu-
ated restriction; by capricious jerks at the
bridle, alternating with as capricious
dropping the reins altogether; by not
governing their own tempers; by shrill
or stern tones where quiet, soft ones
would do; by frequent checks and re-
bukes, and sparing praise. And what is
sure to follow such mistreatment by father
or mother? Bursts of temper, for
which the child is punished and the parent
is guilty, and then spiritless listless-
ness and apathy. "I cannot please
him, whatever I do," leads us to a rank-
less sense of injustice, and then to reck-
lessness—"it is useless to try any more."
And when a man or child loses heart,
there will be no more obedience. Many
a parent, especially many a father, drives
his child into evil by keeping him at a
distance. He should make his boy a
companion and playmate, teach him to
think of his father as his confidant, try
to keep his child nearer to himself than
anybody else, and then his authority will
be absolute, his opinion an oracle, and his
slightest wish a law.—*A. MacLaren,*
D.D.

MAMIE'S TELEGRAM.

A Hartford man, whose wife was go-
ing abroad, asked her to telegraph him a
word or two, letting him know of her
safe arrival in New York. In a few
hours he received the following message:
"collect;" "Dear George—Arrived here
safely at 6:15. The train was due at 6,
but we were delayed fifteen minutes
while en route. Had a perfectly lovely
trip. Don't worry about me, I'll get
along all right. And take a good care of
yourself. Be so careful about taking
cold this damp weather. Remember that
you are to keep on your flannels until
June 15th. Be sure and have the house
open and aired as often as once a week.
Remember what I told you about
your socks and shirts. Don't forget to
keep the basement door locked. Write
every day. I'm sure I'll have a lovely
time. So good in you to let me go.
You must come over after me in Aug-
ust. Forever and ever and ever yours,
Mamie." An hour later Mamie was
pained to receive the following reply to
her "word or two": "Don't cable any-
thing from Liverpool. I'm a ruined man
if you do. George."—*Hartford Times.*

The next meeting of the National W.
C. T. U. will be held in New York, Oc-
tober 19-23.

WHAT IS A COLD?

A cold is the product of two factors.
One is a certain condition of the within;
the other, a certain condition of the
without. The only soil in which this
plant can flourish is a certain condition
of the system, the prominent feature of
which is a deranged stomach. If the
system is prepared through a certain
gross condition of the stomach and liver,
it requires but a slight exposure to
draught or dampness to provoke a cold.
The system being ready, a cold is not
infrequently excited by a close, heated
atmosphere. I think, in a sore throat
cold, the proximate cause is generally an
unventilated room, and rarely external
cold.

Some habits which give tendency to
colds should be mentioned. Among
these are hot drinks (which, in addition
to flooding and weakening the stomach,
open the skin and increase the sensibili-
ty of external changes), the use of warm
water baths, especially hot foot-baths,
sleeping in close, unventilated rooms;
but tenfold more mischievous than all
these the eating excessive quantities of
rich meats and pastry.

The old saw, "Stuff a cold and starve a
fever," has been the source of much mis-
chief. When you have taken a cold,
and have some local inflammation, as a
nasal catarrh or an inflamed throat, it is
just as improper to eat stimulating food
as when you are suffering from any other
inflammation. If, for example, the cold
takes the form of pleurisy, not one feeds
it on beef and mince pie. But I see
no reason why a pleuritic attack may not
be thus fed, if lungs inflamed by a cold
may be.

Cure of Colds.—Treat your next cold
as follows, and your faith in the old say-
ing will disappear: Eat no supper. On
going to bed and on rising drink a tumbler
of cold water. For breakfast eat a
piece of dry bread as large as your hand.
For dinner eat the same as at breakfast.
During the afternoon take a sharp walk,
or engage in some active exercise which
shall produce perspiration. Go without
supper and retire early. The next morn-
ing you will be nearly well.

If, instead of this, you stuff the cold,
it will stay a week or two, and wind up
with a hard cough and expectation.
This feeding a cold belongs to the same
stupidity which prescribes whisky in
consumption, a disease always marked
by a rapid pulse and other signs of in-
flammation.—*Dio Lewis.*

WHY THE GRINDERS CEASE.

Solomon, in his marvelously pictu-
resque description of the growing decrep-
itude of age, says, among other things,
that "the grinders cease because they
are few." But why are they few? and
why, especially, are they fewer in refined
than in the lower circles of society? Why
are the so-called inferior races so com-
monly blessed with superior teeth? And
why so little need of dentistry among
the brutes?

Right here rises up a philosopher, in
the person of Julius Pohlman, who sol-
emnly assures us that, as a rule, those
people who are least acquainted with the
so-called hygiene of the teeth are the
happy possessors of the soundest denti-
tion—like the Negroes, who chew sugarcane;
the German peasants, who are famous
for their brilliant "schwarz-brot zahne,"
or "rye-bread teeth," polished, but not
worn out by their daily mastication
of those black loaves; and the few
old people left among us who still per-
sist in a penchant for chewing bread
crusts. Our teeth degenerate, and lead
to atrophy, because of lack of vigorous
use.

"The foundation for bad teeth," says
this dental doctor, "is commonly laid in
early childhood; for numberless mothers
and nurses very carefully soften food,
or foolishly remove the crust, for fear the
little ones may hurt their teeth, and so
they make a well-nigh irreparable mis-
take. Teeth are organs specialized to
perform the work of mastication; and,
following the law to which all organs are
subject, their strength depends upon their
vigorous use."

We have long been familiar with the
Scripture which declares that it is a
good thing for a man to bear the yoke
in his youth; but this illustration of the
blessedness of "the crust of poverty" is
certainly striking and original. Better
to be born with a crust in your mouth
than a silver spoon.—*Baptist Teacher.*

The *Herald of Health* gives the fol-
lowing "six rules which will insure a
good walk in women, if carefully ob-
served. They are: (1) To throw the
shoulders back; (2) to keep the body
from any motion whatsoever; (3) to
hold the head erect; (4) to place the
foot squarely on the ground; (5) to keep
the knee steady; and, (6) to keep the
elbows close to the side. There is nothing
that so spoils a woman's carriage as
a projecting elbow."

Let us all resolve, first, to attain the
grace of silence; second, to deem all
fault-finding that does no good a sin,
and to resolve, when we are ourselves
happy, not to poison the atmosphere of
our neighbors by calling upon them to
remark every painful and disagreeable
feature in their daily life; third, to prac-
tice the grace and virtue of praise.—
Mrs. Stowe.

He—"And so you are really attend-
ing a cooking school, Miss Clara?" She
(brightly) "Yes, and it is such fun."
He—"I suppose you can make nice
bread already?" She—"No; I have
nothing to do with making bread, but I
can make lovely angel cake. I am only
taking the classical course."—*Sun.*

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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1888.

When a minister, as in the case of Rev. Dr. Chichester of Los Angeles, finding that his people will not of themselves swarm, renounces his pastorate and leads off a strong new enterprise, church extension looks like business. Or when we read that, in a goodly town, Amsterdam, N. Y., thirty or forty families have off and build a church at a cost of \$20,000 because a new congregation is needed, this looks like business. But huddling into some central house of worship and letting a few poor or enterprising workers conduct a "mission," that will never bring healthy city evangelization. If both these examples are Presbyterian, they are just as pertinent.

In one of the otherwise best-appointed buildings of this city, last week an elevator fell from top to bottom, injuring, more or less, ten persons; a part of them were severely hurt, and will not recover for many weeks, if at all. It is a kind of marvel that no one was instantly killed. Some people are so timid that they will never enter an elevator at all. Others do it always with doubt and trepidation. With this event in mind, some will, for a long time, rather endure the fatigue of stairways. Not one elevator in a thousand gives way, but that thousandth one suggests the necessity of more care, and of a public and official inspection, to be conspicuously notified. It will cost something, but it will repay a hundred-fold.

An English observation, covering more than 4,000 cases, in all the walks of life, shows that the temperate use of intoxicants in men past 25 cuts off ten years from life. Occasional indulgence, if approaching excess, doubles diseases of the liver, quadruples those of the kidneys, and greatly increases the number of deaths from pneumonia, pleurisy and epilepsy. This enforces the physiological argument against the use of intoxicants, even in what is called their temperate use. They really do not benefit anybody who is in fair health, and they are of use in sickness merely as temporary stimulants. They cost much and repay nothing to persons in health beyond the pleasure of consuming them, a pleasure that may slightly "elevate," but can never exalt.

Not many weeks ago there was held a "National Co-operative Festival" in the "Crystal Palace" near London. This was a very grand affair, and grew out of the wonderful success of a certain kind of co-operative business—that, namely, of distribution, or a division of profits among shareholders and customers in the various departments of trade. We regard the experiments in co-operation, both in England and America, as of the most vital importance. In these times, when the relations of labor and capital are so freely discussed, we have been surprised that more has not been said in favor of co-operation, in the line of production, as well as of distribution. When every laborer is a capitalist, and every capitalist is a laborer, we approximate the best condition. There are difficulties in the way toward such a condition of things; but the difficulties are not insurmountable by those who are virtuous and thoughtful and not too greedy of gain.

Those significant, if not formidable, political documents known as letters of acceptance, are, all of them, or nearly all, now before the public. Whether these be strong or weak, in a partisan sense, we are not now to inquire. It used to be the fashion to make these consist of a bright array of what Rufus Choate termed glittering generalities. More recently such letters have come to be regarded as political creeds quite as much as have party platforms, as adopted in great conventions. On the whole, the later usage is the best, as it brings the person of the candidate more prominently to the front. The tone of all these letters is high. Their air is dignified.

Their style is reasonably good. Their rhetoric is used in the interest of clearness. And there is manifest a decided sincerity of utterance, together with some caution. So far, the campaign has been free from the baser personalities of other years. We presume that all parties are willing that we should have a truly "intellectual," if not an imaginative and poetical contest. The "tariff" issue is just calculated for such a contest, and so is that of "civil-service reform." A true republican will place the public good far above his private interest in his scheme of political economy.

If our Congregational churches have had of late a center of disturbance at one of our theological seminaries, the Presbyterian church in the South has what is called there a "storm center," at the Theological Seminary at Columbia, South Carolina. It was hoped that the Seminary had become a center of harmony when Dr. Woodrow was compelled, by the adverse action of the four synods controlling the institution, to vacate his professorship. But he still retains two positions—one as editor of one of the denominational papers, and the other as occupying a chair in the University of South Carolina. This University is in the same town with the Seminary. Trouble still exists, therefore. For one theologian attended the lectures of this university professor, and this attendance has been practically denied by the Seminary faculty. Dr. Woodrow, as editor, does not let this prohibition go on without animadversion. Accordingly, Columbia remains the storm-center. Well, when an idea once gets working, it has to have its course, and even majorities have to be very large before it ceases to utter itself. Our main relief in these storms is to say with Milton of old, "Let truth and error grapple," or we may remember that Christ, who came to bring peace, also brought a sword.

Too much of the feeling prevails which says certain people are disagreeable to us, therefore they have no rights which we need to respect. When we read Mr. Kennan's account of exile to Siberia by administrative process, we are very indignant. But what do we hear in our own country? In some sections respectable and peaceable citizens have letters sent to them to leave their homes within a certain number of hours, because they are thought to be favorable to the education of the Negro, or because, being colored, they are too influential. Or what are the "White Caps" of Indiana doing? Or, it is not denied but defended that the minority in whole States, not deeming it nice for the majority to elect candidates to their liking, proceed to prevent the majority having their vote properly counted. And, in the haste of people to put a stop to what they call undesirable immigration, they seem to be willing to justify any means for securing the end. Treaty or equality of nations goes for nothing with them. If reputable judges, following the due course of law, interpose legal guarantees, forthwith the cry is for impeachment. Now, the security of every citizen depends on the preservation of the sense that other men have rights. The moment we begin to act in disregard of that, that moment the best thing we have in America has begun to take its departure. It were better to bear some things we do not like to bear than to remove them by methods which will by-and-by leave us no principle on which to differ from despotism.

How intolerant the world is, outside of Christianity, appears, in part, in the Turkish empire, where, if a Jew or a Christian become a Mohammedan, he is loaded with favors; but, if a Moslem becomes a Christian, he is hunted to death, in one way or another. Truly, Christian nations tolerate all decent religious denominations, and treat them legally alike. Tolerance, however, is but a political or civil virtue. There is a social and ecclesiastical virtue that is more than tolerance. This is recognition, or fellowship. And, in proportion as Christian peoples are pure and fine, they recognize and fellowship one another. The more Christian a denomination is, the more it puts bigotry, pretense and self-conceit out. The Church or people whose life is most in Christ can afford to be, and is likely to be, freest and largest in its spiritual fellowships.

Our churches in St. Louis are represented by a paper called *Congregational Life*. It is good to see that list of 13 churches now standing for us in that city, where only a few years ago—as it seems—there was thought to be no chance for one.

Misfortunes often sharpen genius.

NOTES FROM THE SOUTHLAND.

DEAR PACIFIC: Vacation is over in the Southland, and work is being taken up all along the line. In some places it was not laid down. The politician, the census taker and the bar-tender stood by their guns; but the preacher, the teacher and the business man sought the soothing sea breeze and skin-tanning waves and sand. July and August suns have ripened the orchards and vineyards. New canneries join with several old ones in putting upon the market a larger-than-ever crop of apricots, peaches, pears, prunes, and other fruits. The raisin crop is increasing, also. In the Santa Ana valley a subtle disease is destroying the vines, and considerable anxiety is felt among vineyardists. We can report steady progress in the temporalities, despite the absence of the "boom." While we admit that the "rang" has now overtaken us, yet its bitterness is not without profit. Instead of gambling in desert townships, capital is rapidly investing in substantial improvements. In a dozen places, as San Buenaventura, Pomona, San Bernardino, Riverside, Santa Ana, San Diego, and others, scores of brick blocks—two, three, four and five stories—have been erected for business purposes. Sewer, water and gas systems are being put in. Public buildings, schoolhouses, and even churches, are still being built. Of hotels, there are probably enough, yet Los Angeles is putting up a few dozen first-class lodging-houses. The new directory of Los Angeles gives over 20,000 names, which the statistician multiplies by two and a half (or three) to get the actual population of our "boom-burst" Southern California metropolis.

Los Angeles county has 119 school districts, and engages the services of 433 teachers in the public instruction of over 30,000 children and youths. Most of these have entered upon their work. The city schools open October 1st, with 157 teachers and 10,000 pupils expected. Several large Catholic schools are full, and the Protestant schools, such as Los Angeles College and Belmont School (independent), Southern California University (Methodist Episcopal), Los Angeles University (Baptist) and the Occidental University (Presbyterian) have opened with increased attendance. The State Normal School located here is already at work upon its more than three hundred embryo school teachers.

What of the moral and religious forces? For the immoral, I hardly need mention the 250 saloons, gin palaces and gambling-halls that spew their filth out upon our streets.

The streets are literally swept, at great expense, every night. A patent machine cleans up the dust, dirt and rubbish, and next morning you seem to have all dumped down on your breakfast table—the "latest news" by telegraph!

It is rumored that a Law and Order League has been organized, which purports to have a hand in the municipal election, irrespective of political parties. The need is great; for the police department of our city government seems to be beyond the help of even saltpeter.

Per contra: The Y. M. C. A. rejoices in the approaching completion of its \$75,000 building, whose beautiful walls have reached the fourth story. The Temperance Temple, praiseworthy monument of the grit and grace of our Southern California W. C. T. U., is roofed over, and its commodious four stories are being rapidly finished.

The churches of the city are planning their winter campaigns. Changes are taking place.

Dr. Chichester of the First Presbyterian church has resigned and accepts the charge of the Immanuel Presbyterian church, a just organized mission 150 members strong, to be located in the "up town," southwest part of the city.

The Central Baptists have taken possession (September 1st) of the edifice of the First Congregational church. Our First church, thus sold out of a home, goes to the Grand Opera House for the next six months. Dr. Hutchings, pastor elect, is to be on hand and preach his first sermon there September 23d.

Brothers Phillips and Brainerd, after brief vacations, are again hard at work. Plymouth church, Rev. A. J. Wells pastor, held its first service in its new chapel on York street, September 16th.

The building will be pushed to completion, and will make a comfortable church home for the present. At Inglewood, a suburb of Los Angeles, a church of 21 members was organized by council on August 7th.

Letters missive are out calling a council to organize a church at Buena Park September 25th. This is a new place, 25 miles southeast, on the new short line to San Diego, and the first church in the place. Superintendent Ford has recently made a prospecting tour through parts of Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo counties. The future will probably develop something for us there. On September 9th he made preliminary organization of a church at Nordhoff, in the famed Ojai valley. On the same date Dr. Harwood opened up Congregational work in Santa Ana, a growing city of 6,000, where already scores of good Congregationalists have been absorbed into other denominations.

Rev. David Jenkins, recently from Milwaukee, is doing excellent missionary work at Orange, where something may ere long develop.

Sunday-school Superintendent Case has followed up the campers and organized several Sunday-schools at the seaside during the past two months.

At Pasadena the whisky devil has been unearthed, and bristles for a fight. He

has tried by many tricks to evade the ordinance, and now proposes to establish a wholesale liquor house, whether or no. Some weak-knees have begun to suggest "high licence." But the yeomen of the "Crown of the Valley" City don't talk that way. They have put forward a Citizens Committee, and backed them with thousands of money, and they will let real estate, winter tourists and everything else rest until it is decided whether Los Angeles brewers and California wine-makers, or the citizens of Pasadena, control that municipality. God speed the right. Let every man and woman "lend a hand" and strike hard until the forces of evil are beaten out of this fair land. For this, also, shall be called "God's Country." Yours, H. P. C. Los Angeles, Sept. 22, 1888.

PASTORS' REUNION.

One of the most enjoyable occasions which has taken place in this city for the past years was the reception tendered the pastors of the city by the Young Men's Christian Association at their building, Tuesday evening, September 18th. A representative of nearly every denomination in the city, except the Catholics (and they were invited), was in attendance. The pastors and their wives arrived early in the evening, and were received by the President, George W. Gibbs, General O. O. Howard and H. J. McCoy in the reception-room of the building. The Aeolian Orchestra discoursed excellent music during the evening, and, after an hour's social intercourse in the reception room, the entire party was invited to repair to the lyceum drawing-room, which was most elegantly and tastefully decorated by the Ladies' Floral Committee. A large gas jet "Welcome" was arranged over the platform. General O. O. Howard called to order, and, after a few fitting words of welcome, called upon H. J. McCoy, who presented the following facts and figures relative to young men.

Mr. McCoy said: "It is estimated there are 60,000 young men in San Francisco between the ages of 16 and 35 years. Number of places where liquor is sold, play-houses, concert halls, etc., 4,459. Total number of young men by actual count found in all the evangelical churches in San Francisco Sunday evening, August 19th, were 1,892; total number of young men found in the saloons, theaters, concert halls and other places of amusement on the following Sunday evening, August 26th, was 32,933. Total number of inmates in the San Quentin and Folsom State Prisons, 1,825; total number of young men in both prisons under 35 years of age, 1,118. Total number of arrests for drunkenness in San Francisco last year, including men, women and children, were 8,533."

After these statistics had been presented, Rev. J. A. Cruzan, pastor Third Congregational church, Rev. W. W. Case, D.D., pastor Central M. E. Church, and Rev. Horatio Stebbins, D.D., of the Unitarian church, gave brief and interesting addresses. At the close of their remarks refreshments were served by the Ladies' Central Committee of the Association. Rev. Dr. Falk Vidaver, Rabbi of the Sherith Israel Synagogue, and his estimable wife were among the guests. The reception continued from 8 to 11 o'clock. During the evening it was moved that a general mass-meeting of all evangelical churches be held under the auspices of the Association in the near future. This motion was unanimously carried, and the matter was referred to the Executive Committee to complete arrangements, and the mass meeting will be held in Odd Fellows Hall next Sunday afternoon, September 30th, at half past two o'clock.

The following will be the speakers and subjects: "Our Young Men and their Religious Needs," Rev. R. MacKenzie, D.D.; "How shall the Great Mass of Unchurched Young Men in this City be brought under Religious Influences?" Rev. A. C. Hirst, D.D.; "Are Our Religious Efforts Adapted to the Young Men of To-day? If Not, How may they be Improved?" Rev. C. D. Barrows, D.D.; "The Great Need of a Definite Religious Work for Young Men," Rev. W. W. Case, D.D. Singing will be led by a large male chorus of one hundred voices, under the direction of J. J. Morris.

It was thought, and has often been said, that this Presidential campaign would be free from gross personalities; instead of throwing mud at the candidates, principles and policies would be discussed. The *Bulletin* of this city, in a recent editorial, says: "During the last few months President Cleveland has done things from which every one of his predecessors would have recoiled with horror. He appears to have thrown aside the mask completely. There is nothing of the statesman about him. He stands confessed a Tammany politician, and of the most ordinary type." "This ignorant and vulgar man is knocking things about in a manner that is simply appalling. If he were a desperate madman he could not act more wildly." Such gross personalities are a disgrace to decent journalism. They do not injure the person spoken of, but do degrade the newspaper in the estimation of all fair readers.

Petitions signed by hundreds of physicians, school-teachers and ministers have been presented to Congress urging the passage of the bill prohibiting the sale or gift of cigarettes or tobacco in any form to boys under sixteen years of age in the District of Columbia.

FROM PORTLAND OR.

The meeting of the Young People's Society connection with the First Church, last Sunday evening, the 16th inst., was a decided success. It was the second anniversary of the organization of this most helpful method of Christian work among young people. The auditorium was packed full to listen to the exercises, which were of a very interesting character, consisting of Scripture reading and prayer by the pastor; annual address by the President, D. A. Shindler; addresses on "The Religious Work of the Society," by Mr. Eugene Smith; "Social Work of the Endeavor Society," by Miss Mattie Giltner; and "The Outlook," by Pastor Clapp; suitably interspersed with vocal and instrumental music. From the President's address it was learned that the society numbered seventy-six active and two associate members, an increase of thirty-six active members during the past year. In all departments of the society's work progress had been made during the year, and many earnest words of encouragement were uttered, urging the membership forward to renewed efforts in promoting efficient work in the future.

The address of Mr. Smith, one of our most worthy young men, was excellent throughout. It gave evidence of careful preparation and consecrated purpose, and called particular attention to the value of earnest efforts by young people to promote Christ's Kingdom.

Miss Giltner's address was very brief, but was directly to the point, and emphasized the value of the social element of our natures in helping on the Master's cause.

Of Mr. Clapp's remarks it is needless to speak; he always says something good—something that stimulates and encourages every one that hears him to do his best.

The meeting closed by singing the "New Battle Hymn of the Republic," to the tune of "John Brown"; and as the large audience joined the choir and organ in the inspiring and uplifting chorus, "Glory, glory, hallelujah," the thought came that indeed it was glorious to think of the vast number of young people throughout the length and breadth of our country who were banded together in these societies to become approved of God as earnest, organized workers for building up His Kingdom.

The angel of death has again entered our church circle. This time one of our young people received the call—Mr. Ewing H. Taylor, aged twenty-two, son of Colonel and Mrs. Cornelius Taylor, who came here from Grass Valley, Cal., in 1883. He died yesterday morning very unexpectedly; although he had been ill for several months, it was not thought that he was in special danger. Ewing united with the First Church about two years ago, and was a most exemplary young man, greatly beloved by all who knew him. He was a printer by trade. He was an earnest member of the Young People's Society, and up to the time of first becoming ill rendered active service. Being taken away from us just upon entering what bid fair to be a most honorable and useful life, his loss is peculiarly sad, not only to the church, but doubly so to his parents, of whom he was the idolized and eldest son.

The prospects of Plymouth church are brightening. It seems probable that Rev. W. W. Fernes of Indiana will become pastor of this church. He seems to be a young man of consecrated purpose, who realizes that earnest, persistent, hand-to-hand work is what is needed to bring success in this field of needed Christian effort, in which, while a little progress has been made in the years past, results have not been as encouraging as the friends of the church have hoped for. Mr. Fernes will serve the church for a month, at any rate.

In the First church of East Portland the pastor, Rev. H. V. Rominger, begins to-night a series of sermons to young people. The subject of the first one will be "A Rich Man's Favorite Son."

Rev. A. J. Hanson, late of the M. E. Conference of Washington Territory, comes to take up his residence in Portland in the capacity of publishing agent for the *Pacific Christian Advocate*. He is an earnest and devoted man, and will certainly do a good work in his new field.

The Pundita Ramabai, the high-caste Hindu woman, addressed the First church this morning on the "Society of India." The church was crowded to its fullest extent by those desiring to see and hear the noted Hindu philanthropist. She spoke simply yet effectively about the society of her country, and filled the large audience with absorbing interest. It was truly pathetic to see this consecrated daughter of the ancient East in her touching and eloquent appeals for help from the new West to assist in breaking the shackles of superstitious bondage which bind her sisters to a life that is infinitely worse than death. She will speak at the Unitarian church to night, and Saturday night next will tell about the "Women of India." A liberal response was made to her address this morning.

The first gift to the city by a citizen was formally presented yesterday with appropriate ceremonies—the Skidmore Fountain. In 1883 Stephen G. Skidmore, a retail druggist of this city, a resident thereof he had been since 1850, died in San Rafael, whither he had gone for his health. In the settlement of his estate it was found that he had bequeathed \$5,000 for the erection of a public fountain. In 1885 a committee was ap-

pointed by the city, by whom the plans and execution of the structure was placed in the hands of Mr. Olin L. Warner of New York city.

The bronze work is entirely the result of Mr. Warner's labors, being modeled by him in his studio in New York and cast by Bureau Bros. of Philadelphia. The work is almost purely Greek in style, and is said by the sculptor to be the finest in the United States in proportion to the cost. The granite, of which the bulk of the fountain is made, and which composes the entire lower basin, was taken from the Franklin quarries of Maine. It is placed at the intersection of First, A and Vine streets, and occupies a space about twenty-three feet in diameter.

From the presentation address of Mr. C. E. S. Wood, the following is taken, as it is a truthful statement of Mr. Skidmore's character, verified by personal acquaintance with him for nearly twenty years:

"Stephen Skidmore has set an example it would honor any man to follow. The poor lad who came to our beautiful wilderness in 1850, who carried bricks, carried washing, swept offices, and turned his hand to every honest labor that would help support his mother; the ignorant boy, without opportunities or advantages, by his integrity, manliness and industry, achieved success; and from the natural instinct of a noble nature has done an act of the most refined taste, the most liberal generosity. I say again, the lad Stephen Skidmore has set an example to the best of us. You, who have known him, may keep his memory green for yet a little while. I, who have not known him, have been going about the streets of our city asking what manner of man he was. I find he has friends many, enemies none. One said, 'When I first knew Steve Skidmore in 1850, he was a hard-working clerk at ordinary wages, and was not thinking of giving away fountains.' Ay! but when the time came the clerk not only thought it, but did it. We honor him for the thought, and for the act. Some said his medicines were free to the poor; some that he was very public-spirited, even beyond his means; some that his tastes were naturally refined. He loved music. And so I heard of his merits, his faults and his success. But all told me one thing: He was tender as a lover to his mother, loyal to his friends, honest as the day. God grant that of us such an epitaph can be written. Prince or peasant can have no higher praise. Tender to his mother, true to his friends, honorable in all things—well done, Stephen Skidmore. His tongue is silent forever; but the hand of genius has placed in our streets a preacher that will speak of his example long after you and I are dust, and will preach for ages yet to come a sermon, the more eloquent, because silent, upon the grand themes of charity, duty and art."

Mrs. Skidmore was one of the first to help organize the First church in 1851, and Stephen was early a member of the Sabbath-school, connected therewith. While it is not known that he ever made a public profession of Christianity, who can tell how much his mother's influence had to do with moulding his future life, and giving him the noble impulse to do what he has for the benefit of humanity. He has set a splendid example to our money-loving and money-getting people—one worthy of imitation. HISME. Sept. 23, 1888.

In one of the divisions of the great Republican procession in the city last Saturday night was an exhibition of the wine trade in this State. Nine immense casks over twelve feet high, capable of holding many thousands of gallons, were placed on as many large trucks, drawn by four horses. On the top of each cask was a large transparency, on each side of which was a motto. One read, "Protect the California wine industry." Eight years ago we marched in the great Republican procession in this city, and hurrahed for Garfield. But there were no wine casks in that. We doubt if they have ever been in a Republican procession until last Saturday night. But why should they not be in the procession? California Republicans send wine manufacturers to Congress. The Chairman of the State Committee is a liquor merchant. The Chairman of the National Convention is the President of the California State Viticultural Association. A good many men who marched in the Republican ranks eight years ago will not do it to-day. The wine men have gone in, and many temperance men have gone out. Republican bands play: "Wine! wine! protect California wine. There's nothing the matter with wine; wine's all right." But it isn't all right. It leads to brandy and whisky, to drunkenness and poverty and ruin. Away with wine! Down with the party that shouts for its protection!

The Jews recently laid the cornerstone of their new synagogue at Worcester, Mass. The corner-stone is a large brown freestone block, on the side of which is cut the figures 5648, which is the number of the present Jewish year. The leaden box was placed in the stone, and Rabbi Schores of Boston blessed the stone. The box contained a bouquet of the flowers now in bloom, a half dollar and several Jewish coins, a list of the members of the Sons of Abraham, a quantity of sand from Jerusalem, a piece of olive wood and some newspapers.

In 1840 the number of professing German Methodists was 824; in 1850, 7,970; 1860, 21,677; 1870, 30,827; 1880, 43,229; and in 1887, 52,886.

Religious Intelligence.

PACIFIC COAST.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the "Publication Company of THE PACIFIC" will be held in Room 23, No. 7 Montgomery avenue, this city, on Thursday, Sept. 27, 1888, at 3:30 p. m.

JOHN KIMBALL, Sec.

THE GENERAL ASSOCIATION OF CALIFORNIA.—The General Association of California will hold its thirty-second annual meeting with the Congregational church in Alameda Tuesday, October 9th, at 2 p. m. The sermon will be preached by Rev. C. W. Hill of San Jose on the evening of the same day. Every Congregational church in the bounds of the Association is entitled to two delegates, and one delegate for every fifty members in excess of one hundred.

J. H. WARREN, Registrar.

P. S.—Arrangements are made for reduced rates of fare on Southern Pacific Company roads. Certificates can be obtained by applying to the Registrar immediately.

DELEGATES TO GENERAL ASSOCIATION.—Certificates for reduced fare have been sent to each church. A very few are left. If any more are needed please write immediately to Dr. Warren or W. W. Scudder of Alameda. Persons, not delegates, wishing to take advantage of these rates to attend the convention, should write at once for certificates. Pastors and delegates, please notice: If any for whom entertainment is asked find they cannot come please notify Rev. W. W. Scudder, Jr., of Alameda by postal card. A failure to arrive, when no notice has been sent, is to expectant hosts not a relief, but a decided aggravation.

W. W. SCUDDER, JR.

The usual Monday meeting of the Congregational Club was held and largely attended. Rev. Dr. Barrows presented several of the practical questions of the day, among which were "Evangelization," "Patriotism," "Social Customs" and the "Liquor Traffic." Quite an interesting conversation ensued. Among the visitors were Rev. Dr. M. M. Gibson, Revs. C. S. Vaile, Henry W. Jones, J. Alexander, F. H. Wales, A. P. Powelson and Deacon Ayers. Rev. T. R. Bacon of Berkeley presents the subject at the Club on Monday next.

Interesting services were held at the First church in this city last Sabbath. The young people in connection with this church have resolved to establish a reading room in this city.

Rev. C. F. Wood filled his pulpit at Olivet church morning and evening preaching on the texts, "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven," and "Come unto me all ye that labor."

Rev. A. P. Powelson preached at Petaluma on "I am come that ye might have life," and "He will not always chide."

Rev. Dr. Bothwell, at the Second church, Oakland, discoursed on "The Preaching of the Cross," and "Being Persuaded in One's Own Mind."

Quite a large congregation greeted Rev. W. W. Scudder in the Alameda church on last Sunday night. There was a special praise service, and the pastor's topic of address was "The Praise Services of the Bible."

Rev. Henry W. Jones of Vacaville preached on "The Exactness of God," and at night on "Life More Than Food."

Rev. F. H. Wales preached in Tulare on Sabbath last on "The Report of the Spies," and "Sowing and Reaping."

Rev. C. S. Vaile preached to his people in Martinez on "The Spiritual Man," and "The Moral Law the Foundation of the Gospel."

Friends in the East of Pastor Vaile have given \$50 toward a new Sunday-school library at Martinez.

SAN JOSE W. C. T. U.—The ladies of East San Jose have opened a temperance lunch room on the Alum Rock avenue, where the best of ice cream, lemonade and cake will be furnished each day during the warm weather.

Rev. E. D. Hale has accepted the unanimous call of the Clayton church, and has already entered upon his duties.

At Benicia Sabbath evening the pastor preached a sermon, addressed especially to young men, on "Give them warning from me," suggested by the facts stated in the late Y. M. C. A. report that, by count on certain Sabbaths, there were only 1,892 young men in all the churches in San Francisco, while 32,933 were found in places of amusement or dissipation. Also, that it had come to this already, that of the 1,220 convicts in San Quentin, 744 are young men under 35, brought there, as Chaplain Hill testifies, nine-tenths of them, through strong drink.

Rev. Dr. F. E. Shearer is announced as the manager of overland excursions, with free sleeping-cars, completely equipped, via the Central and Union Pacific Railways. The first will leave San Francisco October 2d, the next October 11th, after which they will leave every Thursday. The fare to the Missouri river is only \$35. Friends desiring to go East will do well to see Mr. Shearer. He will do well by them.

On Sunday, September 16th, at 3 p. m., the town of Perris was visited by a wind storm, accompanied by hail and rain. Four cottages were blown down, and twenty moved from their foundations. The Congregational church, the only church building within a radius of ten miles, is a complete wreck. It had been built at a great sacrifice on the part of the people. There is no hall or other

suitable place in the village to hold service. Measures will be taken at once to rebuild, but some outside help will be needed.

C. H. DAVIS, Pastor.

At Bethany church last Sunday Brother Pond preached again on "Fighting the Good Fight of the Faith." On the previous Sunday morning the inward conflict was portrayed. Last Sunday morning the wrestling with the "world powers of this darkness," the anti-Christian elements in the thinking and the acting of the unbelieving world. In the evening the annual meeting of the Bethany Band of Hope was held, and the report of its Superintendent, Deacon A. T. Ruthrauff, contained some facts of special interest. It is fourteen and a half years since the Band was organized. Its meetings have been held regularly once in two months, taking the place of the Sunday-evening service. It appears that during this time 525 young people have taken its pledge, and we have reason to believe that most of them have kept it sacredly. Deacon Ruthrauff, having requested to be excused from further service as Superintendent, having discharged this duty for five years, Mr. Frank J. Felt was chosen in his place, and very hearty expressions of gratitude for Deacon Ruthrauff's work were adopted by a rising vote. The other officers are Eugene L. Cutting, President; Miss Minnie G. Silsby, Vice-President; Miss Annie Winter and George C. Coggin, Secretaries.

BETHANY.—The entertainment given by the ladies of our church at Bethany the 14th of September was a complete success, and was largely due to the persevering energy of Miss Fannie Alexander and Miss Josie Mohr, assisted nobly by all the congregation and friends in the vicinity. Mrs. M. A. Jaquellard of Byron and Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Crilly deserve especial mention. The night was stormy. The lightning and thunder and heavy rain seemed to preclude the possibility of a meeting of any kind. Mr. Schlickmann's barn was struck by lightning, and with sixty tons of hay was consumed; the small blaze we saw soon lit up the heavens. The other barns and buildings were saved, there being no wind, but much rain. Notwithstanding the storm, which was the heaviest I have seen in California, the large building was filled with old and young, and one hundred and one dollars and fifteen cents were the receipts of the evening, enabling the church to pay for the organ, reinsuring the church for three years and paying the taxes. Mesdames Jaquellard, Entelmann, Alexander and Schafer at the tables, the Misses Linda Alexander, Josie Mohr and Mary Hansen, as waiters, did admirably. The programme was excellent and far above the average, both in selection and execution. Miss H. C. Larkin of Oakland, the new teacher, did much to make the entertainment a success. Bethany is progressing favorably, and is really a Congregational church.

W. H. T.

RECRUITS FOR NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.—A special meeting of the Mt. Shasta District Association was held in the Congregational church at Cottonwood, Shasta county, on the 13th of September, 1888. The meeting was called to order at 10 a. m. by the Moderator, Rev. E. F. Dinsmore. Prayer was offered by Rev. Walter Frear of Oakland. Deacon Jesse F. Davis was appointed temporary scribe. On motion Rev. Walter Frear was invited to sit as a corresponding member of the Association. Credentials were presented from the church at Cottonwood, and Brothers Lull and McCabe were admitted as delegates from that church.

The business before the Association consisting of the applications for membership of Revs. E. H. Byrns and A. H. Burnell, they were referred to a Committee on Credentials, of which Rev. Walter Frear was Chairman. After a brief recess, the Chairman of the Committee on Credentials reported that the papers of Rev. E. H. Byrns were satisfactory, and he was elected a member of the Association. The Committee further reported that, inasmuch as the papers of Rev. A. H. Burnell were inaccessible, being in his trunk, which had gone to Siskiyou county, they recommended that he be examined by the Association. The brother then made a statement of his conversion, his services in India under appointment from the A. B. C. F. M., the failure of his health and his desire to work in Northern California as a missionary of the A. H. M. Society. After satisfactorily replying to questions, the Association voted that the examination of the candidate was satisfactory, and that, upon submitting to the Moderator satisfactory credentials of ministerial standing and church membership and signing the constitution, he be received as a member of the Association.

The Moderator and pastor of the church were appointed a committee to arrange for services in the evening.

At 8 p. m. religious services were held, Rev. A. H. Burnell giving a brief but interesting synopsis of missionary work in India, followed by an earnest exhortation by Rev. E. H. Byrns. After brief remarks by the Moderator, the Association adjourned sine die. The churches represented were those at Adin, Cottonwood and Little Shasta.

JESSE F. DAVIS, Scribe pro tem.

It is proposed to supply Paris with water from Lake Neufchatel, three hundred and twelve miles away. Of this distance, twenty-two miles would be tunnel. The estimated cost is nearly \$100,000.

CRITICISM UPON "THE ALLEGORY."

EDITORS PACIFIC: It is a great misfortune that the subject of alcoholic drinks, and the most prompt and effectual mode of abating the misery and crime arising from their abuse, cannot be discussed by Christian people in a temperate manner, free from partisan heat or unkind imputations. I understand perfectly that you do not wish THE PACIFIC made the medium for a controversy over the question whether absolute prohibition of manufacture and sale, or the legalized permission of both under proper restrictions, is the better way of combating the gigantic evils which all admit result from the intemperate use of these drinks, which so many think if temperately partaken of have a legitimate and beneficial place in the physical economy.

I do not propose entering upon a public controversy with the advocates of prohibition, for my private discussions with some of them have shown me that, however temperate they may be in the use of drink, they are very far from temperate in the use of language towards those who cannot see just as they do in regard to their pet theory; and it is not with any expectation of convincing them, but simply for the purpose of holding up the truth, that I ask the space to call attention to some comment made in your last issue upon "the allegory."

With all due respect to "M. L. M." her article (I say "her," for it could, as it appears to me, have been written only by a woman) misses entirely the point intended to be made by me, and sees only an aspersion upon her sex in placing it and alcohol on the same level. Rightly read, "the allegory" should bear no such interpretation, as it distinctly states that it is the unbridled passions of men alone that perverts and degrades the relation that should be the holiest and loveliest existing on the earth.

Were this the place and time, it were an easy thing to show that the ruin, moral and physical, wrought by drink, great as it is, though more obvious to the casual observer, is far less than that which is caused by the wiles of "the strange woman, whose slain are a mighty host, and her house the way of hell going down to the chambers of death," wrecking more lives every year in our land than does strong drink, even though it claims its army of drunkards marching to the grave.

The unsteady step, the flushed face and the tell-tale breath reveal the error of him who partakes of the intoxicating cup, but no such tokens warn you to shun the man who comes straight from the brandishments of the wanton, to be received as an equal into the society of the pure and virtuous; and if women could but see as men see, they would spend their energies in the advocacy of the white ribbon instead of the blue, for they can be assured that in this direction lies the greatest need for their efforts.

Rev. Mr. Scudder, as member of his profession are too apt to do, assumes his foundation and then proceeds to erect his argument upon it; but with the giving way of the foundation the fabric built upon it falls also. The assumption in this case consists in this, "that the appetite for stimulants in man is unnatural, and, like the lust for gambling, of his own creation."

Now, so far as universal tendency can determine what is natural to man, the fact is that nearly every race and people that now exists upon the earth, as well as those which have preceded, has provided, in some way, some kind of stimulant in response to the universal craving for it; and in the case of such people as through ignorance have failed in providing it for themselves, their readiness to avail themselves of it when provided by others shows that it only meets a recognized want of their nature; and an appetite so strong, and so universal, surely requires something more than a mere assertion to prove it unnatural. Do not let me be understood as palliating in the least the crime of those who sell whisky to savages that they may still further brutalize themselves by the immediate use of it; I only seek to show by the eagerness with which they try to obtain it that the appetite is a natural one, and not, as Mr. Scudder assumes, unnatural.

We know but little of the race before the flood, but the Bible tells us that Noah planted a vineyard, and made wine, and drank too much of it. I do not like to quote the Bible for the benefit of my prohibition friends, as it always excites their ire more than anything else; but permit me for once to say that at Deut. xiv: 26, God places wine and strong drink in the same list with ordinary food, to be used in a feast of thanksgiving for his merciful providences. I have no hesitation in saying that it can be demonstrated from the Bible that, in an age when drunkenness was in all probability as common as it is to-day, God over and over again included wine among the blessings which he would bestow as the mark of his favor, and threatened its failure as an evil to follow upon his displeasure; and this wine was not sweet grape juice, but the "zazin" that intoxicated. It is not to be supposed that Mr. Scudder is ignorant of these things, for his profession demands that he should be thoroughly posted in the teachings of the Bible; and yet if he knows them, it seems somewhat strange to us that he should think himself able to improve upon the arrangements of the All-Wise Creator, and assert that to be bad which God had declared good.

There is one other point which strikes me as inconsistent in the course of our prohibition friends which I will call attention to, and then drop the subject. Without exception, all their speakers, so far as I have heard them, tell the slave to the appetite for drink, "Accept the offer, Jesus Christ; come to him, trust yourself in his hands, believe in him and he will save you." This I most sincerely believe, for he is able to save unto the uttermost all who come to God by him. But then your speakers turn to me and say, "There is no hope of saving these men so long as you have the saloon open, either with high license or low license."

My Christian brother, you derogate from the honor and omnipotence of our Lord by any such assertion. The distinctive glory and applicability of his salvation to us as sinners is that, having been tempted in all points like as we are, "he is able to succor those that are tempted." Did he in the wilderness of Judea, when subjected to the fiercest assaults of evil, shrink from the conflict, and demand that Satan be remanded to his chains and prison-house? No; he met him on his own chosen ground, and foiled him at every point; and before he asks us to trust him as our Saviour, gives us in the history of his triumph proof irrefragable that no person on earth or in hell can wrest from his protecting hand the soul confided to his care.

Shall a reformed drunkard, then, go willingly and with premeditation into the way of temptation, trusting in Jesus to keep him steadfast? No! A thousand times no! But if duty calls him into scenes of temptation, let him go undaunted, for he has the assurance of the Divine Master that if indeed of his flock, "none shall pluck him out of his hand."

In the interest of a political party, which the prohibition question appears to me very much to have degenerated into, such appeals against any selling of intoxicants may be necessary; but in the interests of Christianity and for the honor of our Lord and Master, let them never be admitted for one instant by any one who believes in Jesus Christ as a Divine Saviour, to whom is committed all power in heaven and on earth. To the soul that has truly accepted of Jesus Christ, neither principles, nor power, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other created thing, can separate it from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

COM.

DEMONSTRATIVENESS.

BY REV. F. B. PERKINS.

Hardly any point of difference between Oriental nations and ourselves is more marked than this of manifested emotion. With us it seems almost a point of honor to repress every sign of strongly excited feeling in public. With them there is all of a child's abandon in showing the heart. One's condemnation of the panic which overcame the Israelites at Kadesh Barnea, e. g., has in it a very large mixture of contempt. And it is hard to free our judgments of Moses and Aaron from some suspicion of unmanly weakness. Certainly it would not have been so that an Occidental expressed himself. Granting an equal appreciation and abhorrence of the sin involved in the popular action, his prostration and weeping would probably have been done in secret, where only the All-seeing Eye could look upon his agony. His public action would have been more that of God's prophet, standing up before them, and appealing to their better and more manly natures. Thence, as their intercessor, if unsuccessful, he might have retired whence he came forth, to humble himself and to pour out his mournful supplications.

Which of these two tendencies, that of demonstrative expression or that of repression, is the more truly manly, and commendable?—a question not to be answered in a word; for evidently there are dangers as well as advantages on either side. Unrestricted emotion, e. g., only too easily runs into extravagance and untruthfulness. So it has wrought in the Eastern nations, from whom the element of sincerity seems to have been well-nigh eliminated. Their falsity, even to utter unreliability, is proverbial. Those who know them best trust them least. They are notorious liars. Their most solemn assertion, even in the courts of justice and under the sanction of an oath, weighs nothing except as confirmed by other testimony. In their most impassioned outcries, or sorest apparent distress, the knowing suspect them of playing a part. Their loudest protestations of friendship receive no credit. All this is very dreadful, and so is the general weakness of character involved—their moral and spiritual blindness, their mean and sordid dispositions, their callous insensibility to the sufferings and woes of strangers, their cruelty toward the weak and crouching, subservience toward those in power. Even their bravery—and the most object will often develop this when aroused—is that of the animals, rather than of thinking men. These developments of ignoble character; moreover, are vitally connected with an unrestrained emotional nature. They are results, which, in kind, are to be apprehended wherever a restraining hand is not steadily laid upon its display. In the training of children it is a point to be sedulously guarded. To say what they mean, and to mean what they say; to show what they feel, and to feel all they show—this ought to be impressed upon them as a first condition of manliness.

And yet there are perils to the highest manhood in the other direction; perils to which the Anglo-Saxon and kindred races are especially liable, and to which careful attention in our communities is needed. We are right, doubtless, in making self-command, and a certain

reserve in the expression of feeling, prominent among manly virtues. But it seems equally evident that this racial characteristic may and does receive excessive honor. It is a sort of Anglo-Saxon fetish, and disaster follows its worship. In the family its malign influence is felt first, and most sorely. Just where, of all earthly relations, it is least becoming, this exaggerated self-restraint begins its mischief, and thence poison spreads throughout the social body. One would think, at times, that tender-heartedness and ready sympathy were shameful instead of manly and honorable. A bloodless cynicism seems to be affected oftentimes from no other motive than to conceal the depth and tenderness of real feeling. Indifference is assumed even when the frame is quivering with suppressed excitement. Benefits which have cost and given much of loving thought and self-sacrificing effort are flung at the receiver, or covered over with pretended roughness. Those toward whom only the kindest regard is felt are met with chilling courtesy or passed without a sign of recognition. Thus neighbors live for months, or even years, side by side. Members of the same church sit side by side in the house of God for months without a single hearty word or cordial smile, and this, too, while each may be longing to speak, and wondering why the other seems so cold and distant. Every pastor knows just how this baneful fear of showing the heart keeps apart those who might be, should be, friends; and perpetuates burdens which a single, open-hearted expression of loving confidence might remove. So our poor, foolish pride holds us off from helpful intercourse, until sickness, bereavement, or other emergency arises, which tears away the mask, and we wonderingly see how much of friendship and kindness there is right about us. Very many people do actually go through a whole life in such painful isolation. The knowledge dawns upon them, if at all, only beyond the boundaries of this life, too late to be of much use. Hardly anything, it sometimes seems, can be more surprising to a returning spirit, say from New England, than the number of his friends, and the strength of their attachment. If only they had shown half the cordiality, or uttered half the kind words, during his life-time which are spoken over his coffin, or when his memory is recalled, what different experience his might have been; and if he had only done his part, perhaps that would have thawed out their manner and loosened their tongues. Why should misfortune, sickness, sorrow, or death, be needed to open before us the gates of paradise?

In beginning this paper it was intended to add some few sentences urging the cultivation of a more open and hearty friendliness in our communities; but on reflection it hardly seems necessary. The subject may safely be left to formulate its own conclusion, and to plead its own cause.

The Episcopal Bishop of Florida was absent from his diocese when the news reached him of the appearance of yellow fever in Jacksonville; but he reached that city by the earliest train and will remain there while the disease lasts. Other clergymen will also remain there.



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Children's Corner.

LITTLE NED'S SERMON.

Little Ned stood on the steps,
Talking very fast and loud
To the noisy hens and chickens,
Gathered round him in a crowd.

For he just had thrown their dinner
Down on the ground below,
And they chased and scrambled for it,
Just as chickens will, you know.

And Neddy had been told,
At church and Sunday-school,
About the "law of kindness,"
And had learned the Golden Rule.

And his little curly noddle
Thought that naughty hens and chicks
Should learn, like little children,
To give up their naughty tricks.

He soon spied me at the window,
And came running quick to me—
"O mamma, they're so selfish,
And as bad as can be!"

"I tried and tried to tell 'em
How to be good and kind;
But they wouldn't listen to me,
And I couldn't make 'em mind."

"I told 'em that they ought to learn
To keep the Golden Rule,
And lots of other lessons
I learned at Sunday-school."

"But they'd chase and pick each other,
To try and get the best,
And my little yellow 'Beauty'
Was as bad as all the rest."

"And I told 'em 'bout Goliath,
And 'bout the fiery furnace
That burned those wicked men."

"But it didn't seem to scare 'em,
For they acted just the same;
Such naughty hens and chickens!
Now, isn't it a shame?"

Then I took the little laddie,
And tried to make him see
That hens and little chickens
Were not the same as we;

And they couldn't be expected
The Golden Rule to keep,
But when I got through talking
Neddy boy was fast asleep.

—Golden Days.

THE INVISIBLE GUEST.

"I don't believe one of those boys knows what it is to have a pain or an ache!" sighed a pale little fellow, whose only practical legs were a pair of wooden crutches leaning against the window-sill near where he was lying.

It was a warm day and a party of happy school-fellows were on their way to the river for a row. There were Ned Johnson, Will Fairfax and Stevens, and so full of nonsense and fun were they, that none of them noticed the wistful gaze of poor little Perry Evans as he followed them with his brown eyes only, while they went laughing down the lane.

Besides being lame, Perry was lonely, for he had no brothers and sisters, and his mother had to go out to work; so he found the summer days long and wearisome. Fortunately he had some talent for making little toys and trifles, which was an occupation, but often he was not well enough to work, and to-day he was mourning the loss of his only tool of importance, an old knife, which had been so often sharpened that it had at last snapped in two.

Perhaps this was why his eyes were so quick to detect something shining in the road—something that True Stevens had pulled out of his pocket with his hankerchief, as he went laughing along in his careless fashion, and had left it lying there to be crunched by the first cartwheel that passed.

Perry reached for his crutches, and hobbled out to where this shining object lay, and his heart gave a bound of delight as he picked up a brand new knife with big and little blades.

"What a beauty!" he said to himself as he turned it over and over, and forthwith drew from his pocket a piece of wood, at which he had been ineffectually hacking. The new knife cut the pine wood as if it had been cheese, and in less than no time Perry had the hulk of a small schooner on the bench beside him.

The morning was gone before he knew it and the bench was full of chips, while a fleet of little boats stood in trim array on the window-sill by the time Perry remembered that his dinner must be eaten.

He thought he was alone as he uncovered the plate of cold meat and bread which his mother had left for him, and so would any one else have thought had that person looked in the neat and tidy place which was parlor, bedroom and kitchen all in one—but, all the same, he was not alone. Unknown to Perry a strange guest was sitting beside him, one who comes unbidden to many a feast where wine sparkles and fruit and flowers blush and glow. Singular that he should take a poor little cripple for his host when he can have kings and emperors for the choosing.

But here he was, close beside Perry, whispering in the child's ear and this was what he said:

"That knife is yours—it is just what you need—it might have been twisted into uselessness or rusted and broken before any one saw it, had you not been at the window. It was just a chance that made you aware who dropped it, and that careless boy can buy as many as he wants, while you suffer for the need of one. How foolish you are to think for a moment of returning it! Take my advice, keep it—say nothing to anybody about it, and no one will be the wiser!"

Perry pushed his plate away, saying to himself: "I'm not a bit hungry—guess I've worked too hard."

Just then a small brown wren began twittering on the maple tree, and a

sweet scent of honeysuckle was wafted in from the vine outside. Perry loved birds and flowers more than most boys—perhaps because he was so much alone that he had observed them more closely—but to-day the burden of the wren's song seemed to be:

"Don't—don't do it! You know why, you know why!"

"The tired little fellow curled himself up on his bed and went to sleep. The strange invisible dinner guest went away. The wren flew to her nest. Late that afternoon Ned and Will and True, who had not only rowed, but swam and fished for hours on the river, were sauntering home in the tired, listless way that boys fall into when their day's sport is over, when they heard some one hallooing to them.

"Who's that?" said Ned, shifting the oar he was carrying from one shoulder to another.

"Only one of those little pests of Mickietown," answered Will; "come on, boys, don't notice him—look out for your fish, True, or before you know it, the scamp will cut your string."

Just as he spoke, there, sure enough, stood a little chap with a knife in his hand!

True turned and would have struck him had he not seen that the child was lame—as it was, he said crossly:

"Be off with you, and let my fish alone!"

"I don't want your fish," was the reply, in a quiet, hurt voice; "I only want to give you a knife you dropped this morning, and to tell you I used it."

"What business had you to do that?" began True, but his tone suddenly changed. "I beg your pardon," said he; "how did you know the knife was mine?" and he rummaged his pockets for a penny, which, not finding, he drew forth instead a lump of putty. "Here," said he, "don't you want this?"

"No," said Perry, but his eyes seemed to contradict his word.

"Yes, you do," said True, now good-naturedly, "and I am much obliged to you; the knife is new, and I've lost about a dozen in a year. What did you do with it?"

"I made some boats—I'll give you one for the putty, for I believe I can use that."

"Certainly you can—come on, boys; let's go see the little chap's boats; I don't believe they are good for anything, but it may please him," he added in an undertone, conscious that he had been too hasty and cross in his first suspicion.

Perry led the way to his house, followed by the three others, and when they saw his day's work, they were both astonished and ashamed.

"To think that a little lame chap could do all this while we were lazily about," whispered Ned—and "you don't mean to say you can carve like that," said Will, as he took up something that looked like a puzzle of balls—one within the other.

"I can't do much," said Perry, modestly, "cause I haven't good tools—that's the reason I used your knife," turning to True, "I hope I haven't dulled it, and I'm sorry."

"You may keep it a week, a month—you may have it out and out," said the impulsive True.

"No, I won't," replied Perry, coloring hotly.

"Why not?"

"Because—oh, no matter—only I'm glad you came back this way from the river, for I don't know where you live, and if I had gone on using it, I might have broken it or something."

"Now, see here," said True, taking up a boat and squinting at it; "I'm going to the seashore, and I want half-a-dozen boats just like this; I can't make them myself, so if you can, let's call it an order, and you can take half your pay out in the use of the knife."

"That's fair," said the other boys; so Perry yielded, and True, who had a turn for business, drew up a contract on a piece of brown paper in lead pencil, and made every one sign it. The boats were to be done in a week, and were to cost twenty-five cents.

The bargain, however, did not end there. True went to the seashore and showed his boats to every one, telling all he knew about Perry. The boat trade became so brisk that the lame boy could hardly work fast enough, and he had been able to buy a very good knife for himself. When True came home from his summer jaunt and found Perry looking pale and thin, he did something else in which Ned and Will joined. They rowed him out on the river once a day steadily, and had the satisfaction of seeing him get a nice, healthy color in his cheeks.

Perry never told any one but his mother the whole history of that summer morning—but now that he cuts chessmen and sells enough to buy books, as well as knives, he often thinks how different his life would have been had he yielded to that subtle temptation of his invisible guest!—*The Churchman.*

THE SOLDIER'S OCCUPATION NOT GONE.—General Henry L. Abbot of the Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., reviews the development of high explosives in war, and answers the question, in the September Forum, whether the use of these new explosives will place weak nations on a level with strong ones, by saying: "Unfortunately the march of civilization tends to make the rich richer and the poor poorer, and this special national problem forms no exception to the general rule. Modern progress has only added new weight to the time-honored maxim: 'Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.'"

THE LITTLE MAN, CONSCIENCE.

Every window of the parlor was wide open; and, although the sun, shining from the east, laid bright bands of golden light across the carpet, yet the crisp, cold air of January sent icy blasts along with the sunshine.

Christie was sweeping; not such short, careless sweeps as a less pronounced character would be satisfied to give, but clearly strokes that at once cleansed the carpet, and raised but little dust; in fact, just as everybody knew that little Christie would work.

Christie was a curiosity to the members of the household; at once as simple and light of heart as a child, yet, on occasion, a woman upon whose judgment they could rely, true and brave to a great degree.

On the particular day on which you are looking at her through a stranger's eyes she was a quondam; her mind contained an unusual burden, for she was not singing as usual, and her big gray eyes had a look of trouble that was so intense that it seemed to bring a suspicion of tears to them.

Some of the family would say that tears and Christie's eyes could never be seen again. But more folks than she have many sad moments mixed in with the gay ones; for life is made up of sunshine and shadows, and if the dark clouds never came overhead we should never know how bright the sun can shine.

In a sort of unconscious way Christie swept over and over a figure of green and gold that was worked into the carpet; then she paused, and clasping both hands over the top of the broom, rested her chin upon them, still thinking upon the bothers. Just then a gentle knock at the door, and the turning of the handle disclosed to view the face of little Jacky, Christie's special pet.

"Can I come in, Christie?" he asked.

"Not when the cold is coming into the windows at such a rate, my darling."

"But aren't you cold, Christie?"

"No, dear, my dress is thicker than yours, and I have a silk handkerchief over my ears, and a pair of mittens upon my hands. Whereas, if you became too cold, you might turn into a big icicle."

Jacky gradually disappeared behind the door, and Christie continued her work. She was thinking just as hard, but there had come into her eyes a more hopeful look that dispelled the mist of tears. "I know how to settle it—Jacky shall decide for me." So, when the windows were closed, and the room had become warmer, she called the boy, and perching him upon a table, she knelt beside him.

"Jacky, little man, do you know what a judge does?"

"Hasn't he a court, Christie? I think papa said so to John last evening."

"Yes, you are quite right. Now this room is the court; you are the judge, and I am the prisoner. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"And you are to pass sentence upon me."

"Oh! But, Christie, you would not do what I told you unless you chose to, and I couldn't make you, you know."

"Yes, I will."

"What is the matter, prisoner?" asked Jacky with mock dignity.

"Just this. I am invited to go to a place of amusement this evening, and—"

"And won't mamma let you go?"

"I have not asked her yet."

"Well, why don't you?"

"I am not quite sure that it is right for me to go; how shall I find out?"

"Oh, Christie, don't you know? Papa says that everybody, big and little, has in their head a little man, Conscience, that can help them every time. You had better ask him."

"I ought to know that without being told by a baby like you."

"Ask the little man if it is right, and if he does not say yes very quickly, then he means that you had better not do it."

"That is just it, pet."

"And papa says to ask the question quickly, and to take the first answer, because he likes to be played with sometimes, and then we go wrong."

"I thank you much, darling; you have given me a lesson that I will never forget. And hereafter I will not need the help of any one except the little man, Conscience, to show me what is best to do."

And so Christie did not go to the theatre that night, for the "little man" told her that between those who were called by Christ's name and those who made no profession, there ought to be a strong line drawn. And when she knelt in prayer that night she asked God to forgive her for not so deciding at once.—*N. Y. Observer.*

IT'S GOOD ENOUGH.

"There! I guess that will do," said John, as he took a shovelful of ashes out of the stove. "The pan isn't empty, but it's near enough; nobody will see it."

If I can get the stove swept in about five minutes, I can finish that story in the *Fire-side Companion* before any one comes. The stove was swept very much as the stove had been cleaned. The open spaces presented a good appearance, but out-of-the-way corners and underneath boxes and barrels told a different story. However, John said it was "good enough." The story was finished, and the paper hidden out of sight before the clerks arrived. Then Mr. Willis, proprietor, came in, bade them all "good-morning," glanced around the store, and went into his private office. Presently, he called John: "Take these letters to the office as soon as you can. They

will be just in time for the 9 o'clock mail. Come right back." John hurried to the office as he had been bidden, but having deposited the letters safely, saw more reason for haste. Indeed, he even indulged in a game of marbles before returning to his work. When he entered the store again, Mr. Willis made no comment on his tardiness, but remarked, "Well, John, I've almost learned my lesson."

John stared, "What lesson, sir?"

"Why, the one you've been teaching me lately."

John was more puzzled than ever, and all day long he wondered what lesson he could teach Mr. Willis. The next morning John's work was done as speedily and no better than the day before. Mr. Willis came before the clerks, and sent John out on an errand. While he was gone the gentleman, with a quiet smile, began to investigate the corners that he thought "nobody would see." When he returned, Mr. Willis said: "John I told you yesterday I had almost learned my lesson. To-day I know it thoroughly. Would you like to hear it?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have been teaching me how well I could get along without you. I thought the stove needed cleaning, and the store sweeping every morning, but it seems they don't. So I shall not need you any longer after this week."—*Selected.*

DON'T, DON'T.

"Don't! don't!" a little voice seemed to say, clear and strong in Harry's ear. The two cents lay on the window-seat; some one had forgotten them. Two cents worth of candy came right up before Harry's eyes, and in a moment he had put out his hands to take the cents.

But that "Don't! don't!" Who spoke? He turned and looked. No one was in the room. The door was open, but no one was in the entry.

"Nobody can see," he said to himself.

"Thou God sees me," said the voice. "Nobody'll know where they've gone," said Harry.

"Thou shalt not steal," the voice said again.

Harry was frightened at himself, and ran away as fast as he could. He was saved from a great sin and trouble. If he had taken those two pennies, he would most likely have taken more another time, and not have been so frightened about it either.

I knew a boy who stole a ten-cent piece once. He felt very bad about it. He was so ashamed that he did not know what to do. Not long after he had a chance to steal again. He did, and that time it was not half so hard. So he went on and on, and at sixteen years of age he was in prison.

What voice was that which said, "Don't! don't!" That was conscience, God's voice in the soul. Always listen to the voice that bids you keep God's commandments.—*Sunday-school Evangelist.*

"I KNOW WHEN TO STOP."

I doubt it.

Experience shows that the man who feels most confident in this respect is generally the man who has the least reason for it. From heredity, from habit, or from a peculiar social atmosphere, many persons are scarcely more able to drink moderately than they would be able to blow up a powder mill moderately, or to jump off from the top of a house moderately.

"I am going to jump from our parapet, but you need have no fear for me. I know when to stop. I mean to stop exactly there—just in the middle, between the roof and the road. What do you take me for?"

When certain talkers in whom I know the passion for drink to be only sleeping, speak of meaning to be moderate, and of knowing what they are about, their talk is to my mind no more rational than such talk about jumping from a roof moderately. They had better not even run risks moderately.—*Dr. Stanford.*

The great interest aroused in educational circles by the introduction of school savings-banks is not to be wondered at. No more beneficent feature has ever been added to our public-school system; and wherever introduced prejudice has been soon conquered by the manifest excellence of the results. It is just as easy, and far more advantageous, to teach thrift to a school-boy as to teach him geography. In France in twelve years twenty-three thousand school savings-banks have been opened, which now hold upward of \$2,225,000, owned by about five hundred thousand children. Mr. J. H. Thiry, of Long Island City, introduced the system into a school near his own home about five years ago. Since that time it has steadily spread, to the incalculable advantage of hundreds of boys and girls. It is now successfully worked in many of our flourishing towns; it will soon be adopted in some of our most populous and metropolitan centers; and then it will doubtless become national. Mr. Thiry deserves great honor for his self-sacrificing devotion to his beneficent "idea." Long after he is dead his memory will be held in honor.—*N. Y. Christian Advocate.*

OUR LITTLE FRIENDS.—One day little Fannie was undergoing the customary ordeal of a hair-dressing at the hands of the maid, when her patience being exhausted, she broke out with, "Oh, please don't brush so hard. You must remember my head's a little tenderloin."—*Harper's Magazine.*

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Miscellany.

OLD SAWS IN RHYME.

Actions speak louder than words ever do;
You can't eat your cake, and hold on to it,
too.

When the cat is away, then the little mice
play;
Where there is a will there is always a way.

One's deep in the mud as the other in mire;
Don't jump from the frying-pan into the fire.

There's no use crying o'er milk that is spilt;
No accuser is needed by conscience of guilt.

There must be some fire wherever is smoke;
The pitcher goes off to the well till it's broke.

By rogues falling out honest men get their
due;
Whoever it fits, he must put on the shoe.

All work and no play will make Jack a dull
boy;
A thing of much beauty is ever a joy.

A half-loaf is better than no bread at all;
And pride always goeth before a sad fall.

Fast bind and fast find, have two strings to
your bow;
Contentment is better than riches, we know.

The devil finds work for hands idle to do.
A miss is as good as a mile is to you.

You speak of the devil, he's sure to appear;
You can't make a silk purse from out of sow's
ear.

A man by his company always is known;
Who lives in a glass house should not throw
a stone.

When the blind leads the blind both will fall
in the ditch;
It's better born lucky than being born rich.

Little pitchers have big ears; burnt child
dreads the fire;
Though speaking the truth, no one credits a
liar.

Speech may be silver, but silence is gold;
There's never a fool like the fool who is old.

—Detroit Free Press.

FARMING IN JAPAN.

I have lately become very much interested in Japanese farming. All Japan farm life in miniature comes before us every time we go Osaka. Accustomed as we have been in America to seeing broad acres devoted to each one of the varied crops, we cannot repress our wonder at the limited scope of the agricultural idea here. Japanese farming seems like child's play. The railroad from Kobe runs along the base of mountains, sometimes bare of vegetation sometimes green with grasses or hidden by heavy forests. Between the road and the bay, dotted with its junks and sampans and small steamers, runs a continuous plain, almost every foot of it devoted to tillage. The land is, undoubtedly held in severalty, but the dividing lines are nominal, there being no fences, a narrow strip of sod or a miniature canal forming the boundaries. An acre and a half of ground will make a good sized farm; an acre devoted to a single crop would be unusual and excessive. The subdivisions are minute and irregular, so that the landscape resembles more a crazy quilt than anything else I can suggest in way of comparison.

These enclosures, if I may so speak when nothing encloses them, are of all shapes—square, triangular, six-sided, rounded one side and pointed the other, etc. Rape and barley are the first crops. The barley is planted in rows laid out with great exactness, sometimes straight, sometimes semi-circular. When the grain is ripe the men and women repair to the fields for harvest. You must remember that the farmers do not live on their own lands. Perhaps they cannot afford the space for the house to stand on. The peasants flock together and build little hamlets here and there of wretched mud-houses with thatched roofs. The harvesting is not done with McCormick reapers. The grain is all cut with knives, as large, I should say, as a big jack-knife, with curved blades something like the "hawk-bills" which you may have seen. The grain having been hilled up in each hill from a dozen to twenty stalks, the farmer grasps them in his hand, cuts them and lays them down in a regular swath or windrow—to apply great things to small. He sits down and takes a long smoke in the morning and repeats the operation in the afternoon, contemplating his work with profound satisfaction as the blue wreaths curl upward from his pipe of contentment.

One, or two or three days after, he and his wife go to the field again, gather up the cut grain and carry it to the front door of their house in the hamlet. Here, by wacking the bunches on a sort of wooden fence, the heads break off and fall upon a matting and the straw is hung upon a tree or pole for drying. This straw, when dried, is taken to a paper mill, or used at home in weaving their straw rain-coats or hats. The heads are beaten out by wooden flails and the grain winnowed by tossing up in the air in handbells. Then the grain is bound up in straw matting and taken to the brewery, out from which it comes in the shape of saki. Very little is wasted for bread or used in any other foolish ways. But I do believe that this people would be far healthier if, instead of saki, flour were the usual product. The use of bread would stop the tendency to stomach trouble so prevalent at present. This much for the barley.

The rape gives oil for cooking and for illumination. The potatoes cooked along the streets are all cooked in this vegetable oil. After the grain is harvested in early June, plowing at once begins. Instead of horses, fat black cows do the work. A rude affair, politely called a plow, and one "bossy" not over large, make up the usual agricultural machinery of a farm. Irrigation is

reduced to a system. Large canals empty into innumerable small ones. When the land has been plowed water is let into the field. An immense wheel worked by a man, somewhat after the fashion of a vertical treadmill, supplies the smaller channels from the large waterway. When the ground is thoroughly soaked, the soft clods are pulverized, or rather run into semi-liquid ooze, by heavy beams drawn over the field—the same being dragged by women and children who traverse the muddy fields with infinite difficulty.

MIRTHFUL MENTION.

If the poverty of the future is going to be anything like the poverty of the present we want to be cut off before it gets here. —Table Talk.

An exchange, in speaking of the perfect woman, asks, "How may a beautiful woman acquire the qualities of a noble man?" That's easy; marry the man. —Siftings.

A little girl, being about to leave the city for the summer, said in her last prayer at home: "Good-by, Lord, I am going to Saratoga, and won't be back until fall."

At a college examination a professor asked: "Does my question embarrass you?" "Not at all, sir," replied the student, "not at all; it is quite clear. It is the answer that bothers me."

After a midnight lunch of mince pie, a citizen complained of horrid dreams, in which he was chased by pirates. "Mince pirates, probably," calmly suggested his wife. —Youth's Companion.

This is the way the world looks to a small New Orleans boy: "Mamma, what kin is Cousin Matie to me?" "She is your first cousin." "Is she? Who's my last cousin?" —Harper's Magazine.

"Ah, Miss De Smith, are you going to have a goose for dinner to-day?" "Yes, I hope so; you'll come, won't you?" but somehow neither felt very comfortable after that. —Texas Siftings.

Husband—"I want to tell you some good news. I have just had my life insured." Wife—"Your life! That's just the way with you selfish men. You would never think of having my life insured."

Bertie—"Pa, is that new Mr. Hanks an ice dealer?" Pa—"Yes, Bertie; how did you know?" Bertie—"I didn't know, only I thought he was, for when the minister prayed for hot weather yesterday, he said 'Amen!' awful loud." —Tid Bits.

One day Ernest had been seriously lectured by his mother, and finally sent to the yard to find a switch with which he was to be punished. He returned soon, and said, "I couldn't find any switch, mamma, but here's a stone you can throw at me." —Harper's Magazine.

"Young man," he said, "why don't you give up this life of idleness and luxury, and try to make a name for yourself?" "Why, my dear sir, my little English fox hound took the first prize at the dog show, don't cher know?" —Tid Bits.

Mother—"You, Isaiah, didn't I tell you not to go outen dat gate?" Isaiah—"I didn't do it, mammy, 'deed I didn't." Mother—"Den how you come playin' in de street when I tole you not go outen de gate?" Isaiah—"I climbed ober de fence." —Harper's Young People.

Editor of the Boomville "Cyclone" to Assistant—"Why didn't you publish that Jonestown scandal we've had in type so long in this morning's paper?" Assistant—"Well, I read it over, and it is utterly unfit for publication." Editor (reading)—"H'm, yes, it's pretty bad, that's a fact. We'll save it for our Sunday edition."

Little Walter is a very active boy, and takes no account of his steps when playing and amusing himself, but a call in the midst of fun to do some trifling errand for any member of the family, produces an immediate change of pace as well as face. One morning his mother, having twice sent him downstairs with messages to the servants, made a third demand for his services a few moments later, which so annoyed him that he angrily exclaimed, "I wish I had doors on my ears so I couldn't hear you." —Harper's Magazine.

AMERICA FOR AMERICANS.

Governor Foraker, in his article on "Tariff and Labor," in the *American Magazine* for September, says:

From every country the people are looking to us, and in every land they are struggling to lift themselves to our plane. As a result, they have a Republic in France, universal manhood suffrage in Germany, and by and by they will have home rule in Ireland, and great advancement for the masses in every civilized country of the globe. Let us continue to hold up the standard. We have truly a great country. This wise policy has made it such. We have sixty millions of people now, and shall have hundreds of millions who are coming with the swift fleeting years of time. Let us do our duty with the same patriotism, zeal and fidelity that have been displayed in the past, and there will be for the coming generations, not only a union of States, with one flag and one Constitution, but a union of hearts, filled with gratitude for the work we have accomplished and a determined purpose that it shall abide through the centuries, to bestow its unspeakable blessings on all those who may come after us.

Literary and Educational.

In "Famous Statesmen," by Sarah K. Bolton, we have well-written sketches of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Hamilton, Jackson, Webster, Clay, Sumner, Grant and Garfield. Abraham Lincoln is not in this volume, because he is included in another from the same author. These are pretty full biographies, ranging from thirty to fifty pages each. The book is well printed, on good paper, and has some good portraits, especially that of Charles Sumner, which is the frontispiece. (Thomas Y. Crowell, New York; \$1.50.)

The same publishers have given us, at the hands of Lydia Hoyt Farmer, quite a full and carefully elaborated biography under the title of "The Life of Lafayette, the Knight of Liberty, in Two Worlds and Two Centuries." The standard documents have been consulted and liberally used; also, other sources not acceptable before to the general reader in English. We need not say that the character represented here is one that deserves to be well known among all Americans. Mrs. Farmer has a great admiration for her hero. She has gathered the facts concerning his career into a form which will help many, even if fairly well acquainted with the story before, to get a more definite view of this eminent French patriot. The book is adorned with many cuts that help to give the reader an impression of the localities and events referred to. (12mo., 472 pages. \$1.50.)

It is as wonderful as it is a hopeful sign of our time that so excellent books are prepared for young readers. Among examples of this is to be mentioned the quarto volume, "Our Young Folks at Home." In the compass of these 200 pages is a series of papers from Sarah K. Bolton, mentioned above, on "Successful Women," which gives very interesting facts concerning these women, which it would be difficult to find elsewhere. There is also a series of papers on "Wonder-wings, Mullingongs, Colossi" and other curious objects in the animal world. The pages are abundantly and worthily illustrated. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston. \$1.)

From our Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society we have received quite a shelf of new books. Here is "The Story of Little Johnny Twoboys," by Julia Holmes Boynton. "When Johnny's mother dressed him mornings, she always buttoned up two boys inside of his blouse. One was named Good; the other, Bad." How do you suppose that blouse got along, and the two boys under it? 60 cents.—In "Marie's Story," one of our California writers, Mary E. Bamford, has recited to us the suffering brought on a group of young children by the persecution of the Huguenots, which followed the revocation of the edict of Nantes. The main incidents in the narration are historical. Happy the children who become interested in the actual history of the times which have tried men's souls, and so come to care more for the real than for the merely fanciful or imaginary world. \$1.—"Bertha Gordon" by Mary Kingston. 75 cts. Bertha is "a little girl who has a funny little brother," we are told. Do you suppose he is funnier than the little brother you have? "Chubby Ruff," and other stories, by Rev. George Huntington. Mr. Huntington is a professor in the college at Northfield, Minn. He has the knack of the interesting. See if he hasn't. \$1.

Surely, our Publishing Society is enterprising. Let us stand by it, and it will stand by us.

If one wishes to see clearly what home rule means, he will find in E. A. Freeman's article in the *New Princeton* an opportunity, and will learn from the same strong and full mind not a little besides. Mr. Hyslop shows how it is that the New Psychology has a materialistic trend. Mr. Lang tells us that novels should be anodynes. Francis A. Walker's thesis is that, while trade unions have been beneficial, and are legitimate, the Knights of Labor endeavor goes so far as to be illegitimate. And these papers do not exhaust the full fountains from which the readers of the *Review* may draw. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. Six times yearly, \$3.00.

RECEIVED.—Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine, Rochester, N. Y.—Reports of Experiments on Methods of Fermentation, and related subjects, by E. W. Hilgard, University of California.—Destructive Sphere of Young Men's Christian Associations, by James Auld Greenock.—The Swiss Cross, N. D. C. Hodges, 47 Lafayette Place, New York.

LACK NOTHING.—The disciple needs not go abroad to find and do his work; it comes to him where he stands. Neither is he to count himself to have failed because immediate and large results are not noted. The individual is only one atom in the great aggregate of the common force. The power and office of the single drop in the ocean is not easy to ascertain, but all the same it has an office and a power. The impact and influence of a single disciple upon life may seem infinitesimally small, but it is none the less real. It is vastly important that men should feel the value of individual faithfulness, and see to it that their thread in the great fabric lacks nothing in substance and color. —Golden Rule.

While the summer girl is at Nataske breathing the wave, her good old mother stays at home and stems the currant.

ONLY TO BE LET IN.

Sitting alone towards the close of a peaceful Sabbath day, my thoughts were suddenly broken in upon by the patter of little feet coming down the hall. "Mamma's room," the dearest spot on earth to the children, was just opposite my own room, and well I knew how much that tired mother craved a few moments of quiet. Soon, however, eager little voices were calling, "Mamma," and the door was opened within. Then I heard the question, "What do my darlings want?" and a baby voice replied, "Nothing, mamma only to be let in."

Ah, that little answer, what a lesson it carried to my heart in its sweet simplicity—those few words, "Only to be let in." Dear friends, there are very many of us who know we are God's children, and belong to his household, just as these little children to their mother's house. They were her own children, and yet they were not satisfied without her immediate presence. So we live on, day after day, with an indissoluble longing in our hearts. We strive to quiet it with the assurance that we are God's children, but what we are needing all the time is to be "let in" by our Father's loving hand, out of the darkness of unbelief and unrest into the light of his countenance. —Southern Churchman.

A BAD DISEASE.

Morbus Sabbaticus is a descriptive phase of a disease, not sporadic, but epidemic. It attacks church members with violence on Sabbath from ten to twelve o'clock, and it takes the rest of the day to recuperate, for in no case does it last until Monday morning. The patient begins to convalesce after the meridian, and about three o'clock a stroll is taken, or, if his finances will permit, a drive in the park. It is very fatal in large cities. In the country it attacks the horses, and during these same hours they are too sick or stiff for duty, and the pious family that owns them is obliged to stay away from church. Like malarial diseases, it observes the laws of periodicity and runs through the scales of severity. This disease never interferes with sleep or appetite, but is so regular in its return that many take pills on Sunday, and repair themselves for Monday, as some Christian manufacturers stop their mills piously on Saturday night, but devote Sunday to cleaning their boilers. The disease has, if continued, proved fatal to the soul and in the end the body has gone down, too. It is contagious. Beware.—Presbyterian Observer.

WHAT RELIGION OWES TO SCIENCE

The Rev. Dr. T. T. Munger, of New Haven, who is perhaps the most distinguished Congregationalist preacher in New England, has gone over the whole ground of modern disputation between science and religion to determine what religion has gained. He contributes the results of his study to the *Forum* for September, under the following headings: (1) Science has deepened reverence. (2) It has taught religion to think especially of natural events, according to cause and effect. (3) It has removed some superstitions which were a hindrance to religion. (4) It has taught that moral laws are natural laws. (5) It has delivered religion from the habit of defending supposed truths because of their apparent usefulness. In the conclusion of this incisive and reverent study, Dr. Munger shows how science has also taught all men its limitations and thus strengthened the feeling of the necessity of religion. It is a summary of the most advanced thought at the same time the most reverent thought.



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NEWS BRIEVITIES.

About one in fifty of the natives of Hawaii are lepers.

The Texas cotton crop will probably be a little over 150,000 bales.

Philadelphia has 675 churches; New York, 432; Chicago, 371; Brooklyn, 300.

The number of Protestant agents now employed in missions to the Jews is about 460; fully one-half are connected with the London Society.

During the last twenty-four years 2,400 bulls and 1,700 horses have been killed in bull-fights in the City of Mexico. Two picadores have been killed by the bulls in that time.

The annual report of the Commissioner of Pensions shows that, during the last year, 60,252 names were added to the roll. There are now 452,557 pensioners on the rolls. The amount of pensions paid during the year has been \$78,775,802; 1,369 special pensions have been granted, and 191 vetoed during the present administration.

It is alleged that there are about 80,000 commercial travelers in the United States; also that each of them spends on an average \$3,000 a year, hotels and railroads getting the greater share of the amount. The character of the men filling these positions is said to be greatly superior to that of those employed "on the road" ten years ago.

The liquor traffic in the Samoan Islands is being carried on to-day solely because the United States Government refused to enter into an agreement which all the other powers interested in had signified their approval of. It is claimed on good authority that the natives are being literally murdered by the importation of drink and fire-arms, to the great detriment of trade.

By the will of the late Henry Winkley, of Philadelphia, Williams College receives \$50,000; Amherst \$30,000; Dartmouth \$20,000; Bowdoin \$20,000; Bangor Theological Seminary \$25,000; Andover Theological Seminary \$20,000; Phillips Academy, Exeter, N. H., \$20,000. The income is to be added to the permanent funds of these institutions and its income is to be used as the trustees shall direct.

According to the report of the English Board of Trade the total number of passengers carried by railway in the United Kingdom during the past year, exclusive of season-ticket holders, was 733,670,000, and the proportion of passengers killed and injured, from all causes, was one in six millions and sixty-four thousand, killed; and one in five hundred and sixty-five thousand six hundred and sixty seven, injured.

SANTA CLARA ASSOCIATION.

The Santa Clara Association met with the church at Pescadero on Tuesday and Wednesday, September 18th and 19th. The roll of churches being called, the following responded: Pescadero, Rev. D. F. Taylor, pastor; Redwood City, Rev. L. D. Rathbone, delegate; Saratoga, Rev. W. H. Cross, pastor; Gilroy, Rev. G. M. Spencer, pastor; Santa Cruz, Rev. M. Willett, pastor; San Juan, Rev. Wm. Rogers, delegate.

Rev. M. Willett was elected Moderator and Rev. L. D. Rathbone Scribe.

Rev. Warren, Rev. F. King, Rev. Donaldson of the Methodist church were invited to sit as corresponding members.

Rev. W. H. Pascoe was dismissed to the Humboldt Association, and Rev. T. M. Oviatt to the Upper Bay Association.

Rev. G. M. Spencer from the Bay Association, and Rev. D. F. Taylor a member of the General Association and of the defunct Valley Association, were elected as members.

Rev. F. King, for four years connected with the M. E. church, was appointed to preach for one year and recommended to the churches. Resolutions were adopted asking the Home Missionary Society to hold their annual meeting in San Francisco in 1890.

The hearty thanks of the Association were extended to the people of Pescadero for their hospitality. The association meets with the church at San Juan, next April, at which time Mr. Rogers is to be ordained.

The following was the programme of the association: Tuesday evening—devotional meeting, conducted by Rev. M. Willett; sermon by Rev. W. H. Cross, text Phil. iii: 13, 14; organization. Wednesday morning—business; devotional exercises, conducted by Rev. G. M. Spencer; "Christianity, How Affected by Modern Thought," Rev. G. M. Spencer; comity, by Rev. W. H. Cross; "Secret of Strength, Exemplified by Men of the Bible," by Rev. D. F. Taylor; "Encouragement for the Clergy," by Rev. M. Willett; review of Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," by Rev. Wm. Rogers. Wednesday afternoon—Examination of Francis King; reports of churches; communion sermon by Rev. L. D. Rathbone, text Luke xxi: 19; communion, conducted by Revs. G. M. Spencer and M. Willett. Wednesday evening—"Why Some People Do Not Attend Church," Rev. F. King; "How to Reach the Young," Rev. G. M. Spencer; "Value of the Church to the Community," Rev. L. D. Rathbone; "Duties of Members to the Church," Rev. M. Willett.

L. D. RATHBONE, Scribe.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON, OCT. 7TH.

JOSH. 1: 1-9.

BY REV. M. WILLETT.

THE COMMISSION OF JOSHUA.

Golden Text—"Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness." (Eph. vi: 14).

INTRODUCTION.—Our last regular lesson contained the account of the death of Moses. He himself, by the command of God, had appointed Joshua to be his successor and it is his career and character we are now to study. The book in which this career is contained is generally believed to have been written by Joshua himself; at least, that is the Jewish tradition, some finishing touches being added by one of the elders who outlived Joshua.

SUBSTANCE OF THE LESSON.

1. Joshua had been Moses' minister; that is, his official attendant. Joshua was a faithful servant before he became the chief ruler. He was now in his 84th year. As Joshua was thus about 37 years younger than his predecessor, he must have grown up to manhood while Moses was in the wilderness. He first comes to prominence in the battle with the Amalekites, soon after the Exodus. He had been, too, one of the spies who had faith that Canaan could be conquered. Through all these years, then, he had been a faithful subordinate. He was not solemnly invested with authority over the people until, through many difficulties, he had first been tested, and not been found wanting.

2. There is a continuity in the kingdom of God. Although Moses is dead his work goes on. In Westminster Abbey, on the monument of John and Charles Wesley, is this inscription, "God buries the worker, but carries on the work." Through all human and earthly changes God's redeeming purpose works on. Behind the shifting clouds there is the unchanging sky. When new emergencies arise we need not fear but that he will provide some new instrument to meet them.

"The voice that from the glory came To tell how Moses died unseen, And waken Joshua's spear of flame To victory on the mountains green, Its trumpet tones are sounding still."

3. A fresh start was to be taken immediately. There was work to be done straightway. It is said that the word "straightway" occurs in the gospel of Mark something like forty times. Mark brings into prominence the decision which marked the work of Christ and its quick transitions. In Joshua we find the same quick movements. The command was, "Arise; go over this Jordan." They were to spend no more time in grief. They were not even to wait until they knew their leader better. How much better it would be when one teacher succeeds another, or one pastor another, if there were always this disposition on the part of scholars and teachers to spring into present and immediate co-operation!

4. There were difficulties to be immediately encountered. The Jordan must be crossed, and the land must be conquered. It was called "this Jordan" because the river was close to them. The name "Jordan" signifies descender. The word fits the description of the headlong current of the river, which has a fall of fifteen feet per mile. In its ordinary flow this stream varies in width from 80 to 150 feet, and in depth from 5 to 12 feet. But at this time the Jordan was swollen with the spring floods and rushed along like a mill-race. The land was to be a gift from the desert of Arabia to the snow-clad summits of Lebanon, and from the Mediterranean to the great river, the river Euphrates; but this divine gift implied no suppression of human effort. They had literally to tread with the sole of the foot upon the land they desired to receive from God. We have to "labor to enter into the rest."

Possession in every realm known to man implies conquest. God has always given men the powers of nature to subdue and use, and steam was as much a reality in the days of Joshua as now, but humanity had not taken possession then of this realm of promise.

5. Be strong and of good courage. The expression occurs with increasing emphasis four times in this chapter. It is striking how large a place exhortations to courage hold in all the Bible. It is not easy to count the "fear notes" of the Bible. "I was afraid, and went and hid my talent." "Fear exaggerates difficulties, murmurs at duties, shrinks from reproach, postpones duty, then neglects it, and then hates God with the bitterness of despair." Hope wins, and gladness conquers. They are the guarantees of success. When the Church loses heart, her tasks become joyless, and the reluctant hearts of her membership voice but one prayer—prayer for eventide and release from toil.

6. God's presence. "I will be with thee." "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." The Pope was wont of old to parcel out the lands of the West among the Catholic monarchies of Europe, but we never read of any promise to be present with the adventurous leaders who sallied out to conquer them. God was to be present and never fail them, and this was to be the reason that no man could stand before them. We may be all divinely qualified for our work. The wants and peculiarities of the nineteenth century do not enfeeble God. As he was with our fathers, so he will be with us. "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not." He will be with us as he was with Moses and Joshua.

As Joshua had the experience of Moses' whole lifetime behind him, and in every difficulty could look back upon an equal or a greater one through which God had safely brought Moses, so we may encourage our hearts by the study of the mountains beaten into the smallness of dust by men of old, who were founded as we in the dust, because God was their guide and portion.

7. If they wished for God's presence they must obey him. If they wished to be prospered whithersoever they went, then they must turn from the law neither to the right hand nor the left. We can not expect the blessing of God when we deviate from his rule. If God should give success to disloyalty and disobedience in his church, he would be stultifying himself. Expediency and policy often dictate some other course than the severest right, but to turn either to the right hand or the left is to go up against the Anaks without Jehovah or enter the Jordan without any staying hand to back-water it.

8. Study of God's Word. They were to meditate upon the five books of Moses day and night. How hard would seem this command to us if our Bible were limited to its present beginnings. They must talk about their Bible, and however busy, must study it. The traveler may neglect his guide books and the sailor his charts, but not the Christian his book of the law and gospel. "Do not make the Bible part of a library, but make it a library by itself." This book asks no other patronage than to be read; "for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous and then thou shalt have good success." The word "prosperous" is not a literal translation. "Good success" in the margin of the revised version is put as "deal wisely." The idea is that we act wisely when we live, move, and have our being in the directions of the wise God—the only wise God and our Saviour.

9. Joshua may be regarded as a type of Christ. The name Joshua was originally Oseha, or Hosea, which means help, salvation, and was afterwards changed by Moses to Jehoshua; that is, the help or salvation of Jehovah. Modified by its passing through the Greek, it took the form of Jesus. The great captain of the Israelites and the great captain of our salvation had the same name—Jehovah's help, or Saviour.

There might be many analogies pointed out between Joshua and Christ.

(a) Moses can not lead us into our inheritance. Moses must die. The law which Moses represents is only a school-master to lead us to Christ. Under the law men only wander about under power to enter the promised land. Law is weak through the flesh. "I through the law am dead to the law, that I might live unto God. I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Not Moses, but Joshua, or Jesus, leads us into our Canaan.

(b) Joshua was the minister of Moses. Christ also gained the right to be our leader into Canaan by his life of perfect obedience. He was made under the law to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons.

(c) The land must be conquered. The Christian must conquer the world, the flesh and devil. To this end we are soldiers. Christ is our Captain. We are not only pledged to self-reformation, but to aggressive warfare upon every sin, however entrenched or legalized. We are to root out evil without compromise and without mercy. In this endeavor we have a leader worthy of every trust. An army can be invincible only through confidence in its chief. If the plan of the campaign can not be trusted and the directions fail to be the wisest, then our army becomes a mob. Our plan, our appointments and our leader are perfect.

LETTER FROM REV. W. H. PASCOE.

RIO DELL, HUMBOLDT CO., Sept. 17, 1888.

DEAR PACIFIC: It is a little over six months since we started this work at Rio Dell and Scotia. Rio Dell has thirty-five families. At our preaching service we have an attendance of from thirty to forty-five, and twenty to thirty at Sabbath-school. The preaching service is at 2 o'clock P. M.; and Sabbath-school after its close. Scotia is not more than three-fourths of a mile from Rio Dell as the crow flies, but the Eel river divides the places. At Scotia, which is the headquarters of the Pacific Lumber Company, there are over fifty families, besides an average of 250 to 300 single men. The schoolhouse, which was a private one when we arrived, has been enlarged, and is now used for a public school, with forty scholars enrolled. Our Sabbath-school is held at 9:30 A. M.; preaching service at 10:30. At our preaching service we have generally every seat occupied. At Sabbath-school last Sunday (and this was not an exception) out of 34 enrolled members 32 were present. My wife has no one to help her in this work of looking after 32 children of all sizes, from 14 years down to 4 and 5. The Bible class has an average of from 10 to 18, and all of them, or mostly all, are acquainted with God's Word, which makes it the most interesting class that I have had the pleasure of teaching.

At Scotia we are hoping to build a church, so that a part of it can be used for a reading-room and social work. Our plans have been somewhat delayed for the reason that Mr. Curtis, the head of the Company, was with his wife and family on the City of Chester when

the collision took place in San Francisco harbor. And glad were we to know that they were among the saved. Nothing daunted, they made another attempt, and arrived at Scotia last Thursday. The Company has promised to donate the lumber for such a building, and I have good hopes of getting sufficient money from the employees to build it. At Rio Dell a lot has been given, 120 feet fronting the county road, by 132 feet deep, sufficient for both church and parsonage. I have been getting subscriptions to build a small church 26x50, plain but suitable. I cannot yet say how we shall succeed; it is not quite clear, but all whom I speak to say, "Yes, we ought to have a church. It will help this place wonderfully." And so it will, and these must help build the church if they wish to see it built. From 6 A. M. on Sunday morning to 4:30 P. M., both my wife and myself are as busy as two people well can be. We have to hurry off to be at Scotia by 9:30, as it is two miles from where we live. We have to ford up the bottom of Eel river a long distance. We have to take our two little ones—one on each knee—and they are generally tired at night. We hold no service in the evening, for the reason the trustees of the schoolhouse say "the building is uninsured, and we do not wish to have any light in it at night." On last Sabbath, I preached a home missionary sermon in both places, my thoughts centering on the advantages in small communities, as well as large ones, of the gospel of Christ. My first collection for the Home Missionary Society was \$6.30. Now, dear PACIFIC, if you are acquainted with any one who is burdened with an overplus of cash, and would wish to help the building of a new church, either by a door, a window, a seat, a reading-desk, a chair, or a pulpit suit, a communion set, a bell, or hymn books, or some dollars or cents, or anything that will help us to build here, then we are at Rio Dell, and it will be gladly and thankfully received. Yours, W. H. P.

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R. H. McDONALD, Pres't. San Francisco, Cal., 1st, 1888.

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